

The Critic

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Interest Receipts in 1891,	1,000,471 06
Total Receipts during the year,	6,343,780 94
Disbursements to Policy-holders, and for expenses, taxes, &c.,	4,818,185 11
Assets January 1, 1892,	37,397,938 05
Total Liabilities,	31,395,988 48
Surplus by Conn., Mass., and N. Y. standard,	6,000,000 57
Policies in force January 1, 1892, 77,766, insuring,	124,007,317 00
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The Critic

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Literature

The Spanish Republics of South America *

MANY THINGS have lately combined to attract attention to the Spanish-American Republics of the southern half of our continent, and especially to the most important of these—the Argentine Confederacy, Chili, and Peru. This volume by Mr. Child—who visited those countries, as well as Uruguay and Paraguay, in 1890, and whose 'epilogue' brings down his information to the middle of last year—comes in good time to satisfy the curiosity which recent events have aroused. In his preface the author tells us that he 'neither encountered nor sought adventures; his object was not to explore unknown territory, but rather to examine the actual state of the town and country populations; to study the commercial and social life of the capitals and ports; to see how people live and labor in the rural districts; to give an account of the various special industries; to describe the real aspect of the countries in question; to note the characteristic features of the inhabitants; and, in short, to make a modern report of the progress of civilization south of the equator.' He has carried out his plan of travel and observation in a manner likely to give satisfaction to his readers, unless they happen to be natives of the countries described; and even these will be conscious that though he sees much occasion to find fault, he writes in no hostile or carping spirit. His reproofs, though frequent and severe, are those of a disappointed friend; and his occasional commendations are hearty enough to show genuine good-will.

In December 1889, Mr. Child embarked at Havre in a French Atlantic steamer for Buenos Ayres, and early in the following month found himself in that populous and showy city. It was midsummer; everybody of any social pretensions was out of town; the financial crisis paralyzed business; and he determined to cross the continent to Chili and leave his study of the Argentine metropolis to a later day. A well-appointed railway train, with American sleeping-cars, took him six hundred miles westward to the pleasant city of Mendoza, near the foot of the Andes. Thence, with a single muleteer, he crossed that chain by the ordinary pass, at a height of nearly 13,000 feet above the sea. It is a feat requiring, even at this day, considerable hardihood, both physical and mental. Among the dangers are snow-storms and violent gales of wind, which even in midsummer sometimes blow mules and men off their legs and into destruction—and the *puna*, or difficulty of breathing, which on the day he crossed obliged three persons out of a party of seven to turn back and retrace their steps to Mendoza. The worst perils, however, will in a few years be obviated by the Transandine Railway, a stupendous undertaking now in progress, of which the author gives a sketch-map, showing the route, with much engineering and statistical information. He crossed the height safely, and made his first stopping-place at the charming little town of Santa Rosa de los Andes, which, with only 3500 inhabitants, had a comfortable hotel, comprising a series of courtyards, avenues of

trellised vines, aviaries, canalized water-courses and other pleasant features. His room looked out upon a court with flowering shrubs, a fountain, and imitation marble statues around it. Near at hand, in the public square, an orchestra was playing for the recreation of the people. Here, as in the Argentine towns which he had passed through, as well indeed as in almost all the portions of Spanish South America which he visited, he had occasion to wonder at the marks of modern culture which he found in profusion, but mingled in most places with many evidences of squalor and barbarism.

After resting awhile at the Capital, Santiago, and being entranced, as every other visitor has been, with the unrivalled beauty of its situation, in a lovely valley, nestling at the foot of the mighty snow-clad mountain-wall of the Andes, and after visiting the other principal towns of Chili and its mines and vineyards, Mr. Child continued his trip northward in a coasting steamer, paused for a time at the famous nitrate fields of Iquique, from which Chili now derives a large part of her revenue—and of which he gives a careful and interesting description,—and finally reached, in Callao and Lima and the neighboring heights of Peru, the northern term of his travels. His descriptions here, as well as elsewhere, are of places well known to the readers of travels, but in this case they derive a melancholy interest from the evidences of dilapidation and decay resulting from the disastrous war with Chili. The Chilenos were not particularly barbarous conquerors, but they used their rights of conquest to the full extent, carrying off benches and statues from the public promenades, books and pictures from the libraries, ornaments from the churches, and even rails and sleepers from the railways. 'For miles up the Andean valleys roofless houses and piles of ruins attest the passage of the victor and the persistent poverty of the vanquished.' Yet the Capital—in its semi-Oriental buildings, in the picturesque groups of its motley population, in its delightful climate, and in the coquettish grace of its women, each gliding half-shrouded in her black *manta*, which is shawl and head-gear in one—retains much of the charm which gained for it the title of the 'Pearl of the Pacific.'

From Peru our traveller returned in a German steamer to Valparaiso, and thence by way of the Straits of Magellan to Buenos Ayres. In the Argentine Capital and provinces, and in visits to the neighboring republics of Paraguay and Uruguay, he passed the remainder of his stay in South America. His descriptions are illustrated by numerous attractive woodcuts, remarkably well engraved, as well as by small maps and plans which enable the reader to follow his route with ease.

As has been said, the author's general conclusions concerning these Spanish-American populations are not favorable. He finds among them 'the strangest mixture of extreme modernity and of mediæval backwardness; of luxury and misery; of exterior refinement and persistent inner barbarity; of impatient material appetite, and averseness to moral restraint. The three centuries of Spanish rule seem to have left little except traditions of indolence and venality.' The consciousness of their own deficiencies appears to have made the people eager to welcome foreign aid, whether in English capital and mercantile enterprise, in German industrial talent, in French art and literature, or in a vast immigration of Italian and Spanish laborers. Buenos Ayres is really, in the fashions and likings of its people, a French city. In Chili, 'Valparaiso is incontestably English'; and 'Valdivia is simply a German colony, the most flourishing and charming in the republic.' The North Americans (by which name the author means the natives of the United States) are far less numerous than the other foreigners, numbering for example only 600 in Buenos Ayres, while the English and Germans numbered each about 4000; but they frequently, it would seem, hold leading positions. The complement of the steamer *Olympo*, a 'large and commodious side-wheeler,' in which the author made his passage

* The Spanish-American Republics. By Theodore Child. \$3.50. Harper & Bros.

up the River Parana to Paraguay, might be deemed typical in its way. It was a fine and well-fitted ship, built in Glasgow. The captain (to whom, as 'the genial Yankee skipper,' the author acknowledges his special obligations) was a North American; the crew were Austrians for the most part; the waiters and pilots, Italians; and the engineers, English.

It is to these foreign influences that the recent progress of most of these countries is in great part due. The author has little hope of the native element, whether of Spanish or Indian descent. The governing class appeared to him everywhere corrupt, and the lower class stolidly ignorant and indolent. He has, however, indicated, in the three centuries of Spanish misgovernment, the all-sufficient cause which has produced these qualities. The cause being removed, it seems reasonable to expect that the effect will gradually cease. In Chili, as Mr. Child himself points out, the people had enjoyed a long period of peaceful self-government—'fifty-eight years of legality,'—during which term, from 1842 to 1890, most countries of Europe were shaken by revolutions. And when this period of steady progress was interrupted by the Balmacedan usurpation, constitutional order was promptly vindicated. A remarkable evidence of good administration is found in the fact that Chili is not only free from debt, but has a large surplus. The satisfactory condition of this republic is doubtless mainly due to the fact that, as a colony, it was far removed from the seats of the great Spanish viceroyalties of Peru and Buenos Ayres, and thus felt comparatively little of their corrupting and depressing influence. The population has therefore more promptly, under the reign of freedom, recovered from their evil effects. The trite reflection which political writers are constantly making, and, in the case of Spanish-America and Ireland, are as constantly forgetting—that the only cure for the evils caused by the loss of self-government is to be found in its restoration,—is one which well-meaning but too impatient censors, like the author of this very commendable work, will do well to bear in mind.

Three Browning Books *

DR. BERDOE'S 'Browning Cyclopædia' (1), a closely-printed volume of nearly 600 pages, is true to its title. It is on essentially the same plan as Mr. Cooke's 'Guide-book' to Browning, but is more comprehensive, complete and accurate. It probably contains about twice the matter of Cooke's, and has been prepared with more skill and care. It is difficult to explain some of Mr. Cooke's blunders, except on the theory that he made a list of words that seemed to him to need explanation, and then looked them up in dictionaries, encyclopædias, etc., without referring to the context. In 'Aristophanes' Apology,' for instance, we read:—

Bring the poet's body back,
Bury him in Peiraios: o'er his tomb
Let Alkamenēs carve the music-witch,
The songstress-siren, meed of melody.

Here it is plain that *Peiraios* is a place, and that *Alkamenēs* is a sculptor, though we may not know where and who they were. Mr. Cooke gives us the following notes on the passage:—

Peiraios. A character in the 'Odyssey,' son of Clytius of Ithaca, and a friend of Telemachus.—*Alkamenēs*. A king of Sparta mentioned by Herodotus and Pausanias.

Dr. Berdœ's notes are as follows:—

Peiraios, the seaport of Athens; *Alkamenēs*, a statuary who lived 448 B.C., distinguished for his beautiful statues of Venus and Vulcan.

Mr. Cooke tells us that Lais, the famous Athenian courtesan, is 'an imaginary personage.' To take one more illustration out of many, Mr. Cooke could not have defined

* 1. The Browning Cyclopædia, a Guide to the Study of the Works of Robert Browning. By Edward Berdœ. \$3.50. Macmillan & Co. 2. A Primer on Browning. By F. Mary Wilson. 75 cts. Macmillan & Co. 3. An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry. By Hiram Corson. \$1.50. D. C. Heath & Co.

acquetta, in 'The Ring and the Book,' as 'wine mixed with water,' if he had had the passage before him:

Murder had come first
Not last with such a man, assure yourselves!
The silent *acquetta*, stilling at command—
A drop a day i' the wine or soup, the dose—etc.

Dr. Berdœ explains *acquetta* correctly as 'Aqua Tofana, a poisonous liquid much used in Italy in the seventeenth century by women who wished to get rid of their husbands or their rivals.'

The arrangement of Dr. Berdœ's book is alphabetical. Each poem is taken up in its order, its history given, and every difficulty and obscurity explained. In all the poems he finds but a dozen or so of allusions which have baffled himself and the many learned friends to whom he has referred them. These are given at the beginning of the book, with a request that anybody who can elucidate them will do so for the benefit of future editions of the 'Cyclopædia.' One of these puzzles is the reference to 'cue-owls' in 'Andrea del Sarto'; another is the expression 'Saponian strength,' in Book iii. of 'Sordello'; and yet another is 'the sole joke of Thucydides,' in Book ix. of 'The Ring and the Book.'

These do not look so hopeless as some of the obscurities on which Dr. Berdœ has been able to throw light. In 'The Ring and the Book,' for example, not one reader out of a thousand would know what is referred to as 'the three little taps of the silver hammer' in connection with the death of the Pope; but a Roman ecclesiastic informed the cyclopædist that it is customary, when the Pope dies, for the *carnerlengo* to give three taps with a silver hammer on the forehead of the defunct Pontiff, at the same time calling him by his name. If he does not answer—and he has never been known to do so—he is formally adjudged to be dead, and a successor is appointed. In the same poem Caponsacchi, in denying that he wrote the forged letters to Pompilia, says:—'Yes, I wrote these when St. John wrote the tract, "De Tribus."' This alludes to the famous passage about the three witnesses in the First Epistle of John, now known to be an interpolation, and not written by the Apostle. Caponsacchi therefore means that he did not write the letters at all. Again, in 'La Saisiaz,' where Browning says, 'He at least believed in soul, and was very sure of God,' he has often been supposed to refer to himself, but the man he had in mind was really Voltaire.

It would be remarkable if Dr. Berdœ had not occasionally fallen into an error himself, or omitted some explanation that he might be expected to give; but in a casual examination of his work we note very few instances of this. In the notes on 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb,' he defines 'Frascati villa' as 'a beautiful spot on the Alban hills near Rome.' Frascati is a town so situated; the *villa* is one which the Bishop is supposed to own in that lovely locality. In the same poem, *lapis lazuli* is explained; but it is not stated that

God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu church so gay

refers to an actual globe, said to be the largest piece of lapis lazuli in existence, which is in the hands of God the Father in a group of the Trinity over the altar of St. Ignatius in the gorgeous church of the Jesuits at Rome. In the notes on this poem, by the way, *elucescebat* is misprinted *elucesebat*. 'Lorenzo the Magnificent' is said to be the son of Cosimo I.; he was his grandson. Browning calls him the son, but he may use the word in a loose rhetorical sense as equivalent to descendant.

In the notes on 'The Statue and the Bust' we read:—'Dr. W. J. Rolfe, in a recent article in the *Boston Critic*, says that the palace to which Browning alludes was not built till long after the Grand Duke lived, and that the lady's real palace could not be seen from the square.' Dr. Rolfe's article on this subject did not appear in the (New York) *Critic*, nor in any Boston periodical, but in *Poet-Lore* (and later in the London *Athenæum*); and he did not make either

of the absurd statements here ascribed to him. He assumed—as Dr. Berdoo does, and as readers of the poem have generally done—that but one palace is referred to in the poem, and that Browning had transferred to this edifice certain features of another Riccardi palace. In this he, like the rest, was wrong, and he has corrected the mistake in the December *Poet-Lore*. All these slips can easily be set right in a second edition, for which there cannot fail to be a demand, as the book will be a standard authority on the subjects of which it treats. The work is so well done that no one is likely to think of doing it over again.

The 'Primer on Browning' (2) is a less pretentious work, but admirable in its way. In the compass of 250 pages of good-sized type it gives an able sketch of Browning's literary life, a chapter on his characteristics, and brief introductions to all the poems. These strike us as, in most cases, not inferior to those in Mrs. Orr's more expensive 'Handbook'; and sometimes they seem to us positively better. For students and readers who want a cheap book of reference on Browning this one may be cordially commended.

Prof. Corson's 'Introduction to Browning' (3) has now reached a third edition, to which he has added 'A Death in the Desert,' with argument, notes and commentary, a *fac-simile* of a letter from Browning, and a portrait copied from the last photograph taken of him. The book deserves its popularity, though many readers will take exceptions to some parts of the paper on 'Browning's Obscurity.' No reference is made in it to the thousands of perplexing allusions which Dr. Berdoo has found it so difficult a task to explain. It is these, rather than obscurities in construction—though such are by no means rare—which are the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of the average reader.

"Two Happy Years in Ceylon"*

THE UNTIRING limbs and pen of a lady whose books have charmed us before tell us now of a land in which she has sojourned two whole years. So long a rest in one country seems an eccentricity in her case, for hitherto her course has been that of a meteor, or at least a comet, rather than a steady-going planet, to say nothing of a fixed star. All the better, however, is her book, and all the more attractive the flavor. Thought has had time to ripen, and observation to be corrected by sight from many points of view. We have now something like a standard handbook of the isle of spicy breezes. Miss Cumming's two goodly volumes have the great advantage of being fully illustrated from her own drawings and photographs. For the benefit of the increasing army of civilized nomads in search of winter quarters, she has described minutely and with enthusiasm this 'earthly Paradise.' As superannuated Jacob before Pharaoh recounted his age in terms of accumulated days of the years of the life of his pilgrimage, so Miss Cumming—like four previous authors on Ceylon—gives her book a title in terms of chronology; only, instead of the fifty years of Major Skinner, we have the two bright years of this English lady. The years were as busy as they were happy.

With choice and profuse vocabulary, fine literary skill, and a manysided nature, sensitive at every facet to the manifold impressions of the tropics, this cultivated woman interprets the wonderful and varied phenomena of tropical nature and man. She talks unconventionally—and all the more truthfully—about native and foreigner, religion, history, climate, products, flora, fauna and minerals. The element of personal experience and adventure adds fascination. Gems and architecture, coffee in flower, bean and cup, elephants old and young, sacred relics and holy places are described and discussed gracefully and without a hint of weariness. The coast and the hills, Kandy and Colombo, Ratnapura, Adam's Peak and their wonders appear before us with all their color, warmth and fascination. The chapter on the tug of war—the battle of diverse creeds in Ceylon—

is powerfully written, and will be read by all students of the missionary problem. Frequently we alight upon points of special interest to Americans, and the story of our fellow-citizens abroad is one that will attract many readers on this side of the Atlantic. A full index opens the accumulated relics of what may be safely pronounced, for the general reader, the best book on Ceylon. It certainly deserves to stand on the same shelf with Hurst's 'Indika' and Mrs. Bishop's 'Japan.'

Personal Recollections of the Rebellion*

THE MILITARY ORDER of the Loyal Legion, like its prototype the Society of the Cincinnati, was founded to commemorate the success of a great war, to keep alive the fires of patriotism, and to preserve the spirit of comradeship engendered by years of fighting in a common cause. The older Society was organized by Washington and his generals as they were about to lay aside the sword and return to peaceful avocations. The name was appropriate—"Washington personified under the image of the Roman Cincinnatus." With a view to perpetuating the Society, the right to membership was made 'inheritable and directly transferable upon principles analogous to those of legal descent and limited to the eldest male posterity' according to primogeniture. Following the example of their illustrious ancestors, 'a little band of patriots of the Civil War' organized the Military Order of the Loyal Legion in April, 1865, 'in the midst of the sadness and almost despair' that followed the assassination of President Lincoln. Many branches have sprung from the parent stem, and the tri-colored emblem of the Order is everywhere a badge of honor and a precious legacy.

The New York Commandery holds five meetings annually, at Delmonico's, at which papers are read and addresses delivered, based on personal reminiscences of the war; and twenty-seven of these interesting and instructive papers and addresses have been published as the first of a series of similar volumes to be issued by the Commandery with a view to preserving 'valuable experiences and observations for the benefit of future generations, as well as for the information of readers of our day who cannot enjoy the privilege of listening to the addresses—a privilege confined to comrades of the Commandery.' With an admirable steel portrait of Admiral Farragut as a frontispiece, uncut edges, gilt top, and cover ornamented with the medal of the Order, the book is a handsome one in spite of its rather flimsy binding. The late Gen. Sherman addressed the Commandery extemporaneously on many occasions, but unfortunately no record of his addresses can be found: the editors have therefore substituted two addresses delivered by the great soldier upon other occasions, one on 'Gen. Grant,' the other on 'Gen. Ransom.' Two papers by Gen. Henry L. Burnett, entitled 'Some Incidents in the Trial of President Lincoln's Assassins' and 'The Controversy between President Johnson and Judge Holt,' are valuable contributions to the melancholy history of that exciting period immediately following the murder of the nation's best-loved son. The latter of these papers goes far towards proving that in claiming not to have seen the recommendation to mercy made in the case of Mrs. Surratt by five members of the Military Commission, President Johnson did not speak the truth. To shield himself from the censure of sentimentalists, a President of the United States cast a shadow over the life of a man 'upon whose fair name and fame no stain or blot, nor the least spot of soilage had ever rested.' That great engineering feat, the construction of the Red River dam, which made famous the Wisconsin farmer, Joseph Bailey, and won him the rank of Brigadier-General and the thanks of Congress, is entertainingly described by Gen. James Grant Wilson; 'Grant at Chattanooga' and 'Gen. George H. Thomas' are estimates of two renowned soldiers by Gen. O. O. Howard; and the eulogy on Grant, by Gen. Horace Porter, is a striking

* 'Two Happy Years in Ceylon. By C. F. Gordon Cumming. 2 vols. \$9. Charles Scribner's Sons.

* 'Personal Recollections of the Rebellion. Edited by James Grant Wilson and T. H. Munson Coan. \$9. New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

ing illustration of the fact that some soldiers are orators as well. A short sketch of the Loyal Legion, by Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes, Commander-in-Chief of the Order, appropriately closes a volume in which there are comparatively few dry pages. These old soldiers have thrown a personality about the characters and events described which is denied the war historian, who is compelled to deal in cold facts uncolored by the soft light of sympathy born of comradeship in action.

"Names and Their Meaning" *

AMATEUR philology is as old as Plato and as interesting as 'The Diversions of Purley.' Archbishop Trench gave it enormous vogue in his captivating little volumes—volumes, however, which have been freed from their guesses and fancies in the edition of Mayhew and Hunt. The first amateur philologist was doubtless the man who speculated on the meaning of Adam's name, and thence deduced important ethnological consequences. Varro and 'Cratylus' are full of delightful whimsies, in which probably there is more humor than editors are wont to grant. The disguises which popular etymology takes are thousandfold: no field is more difficult to plow, none less easy to reap. It requires talents of the highest kind to separate the true from the false in this department, to reject the plausible for the commonplace, to resist the brilliant temptation for the sober reality clad in fustian. A thousand treacherous lights play over the surface of 'folk philology,' quivering and quivering here and there to the seduction and destruction of the enthusiast. Practised explorers in this field trip and stumble, as when Morris, in his 'Historical Accidence,' classes *heroïne*, *land-gravine*, *margravine* together as all having the same Romance (!) suffix; or as when Müller and Sayce, in their pursuit of dawn-myths and sun-myths, run riot through the Greek and Indian mythologies, tying Hellas and Hindustan together by poetic and fanciful true-lover's-knots.

Mr. Wagner, in the book before us, has been a diligent collector rather than explorer. Much that he has collected, though curious enough, runs dangerously near the obsolete and exploded. Thus 'German' is boldly stated to be a Latinized 'Celtic term,' meaning 'neighbors'; Greece, from Greek '*Graikoi*,' a name originally bestowed upon the inhabitants of Hellas (?); England, from *Engaland* (*sic*); Ireland, from 'Ierne'; while the *ia* in *Persia* is the 'Celtic' for 'land' or 'territory.' Turning to other chapters, we find (p. 194) Helen put down as the wife of 'Menataos, King of Sparta' (presumably a misprint); in *Maundy* Thursday, the old blunder of deriving the word from *maund*, 'the Saxon for alms-basket,' is repeated; *Whit* Sunday is stated without qualification—in spite of the long controversy on the subject between Prince L. L. Bonaparte and others in *The Academy*—to be for 'white' Sunday, because—etc. A little below, the author admits that *Whit* may be for *Witan*, which he says is 'Anglo-Saxon for Wisdom (!) Sunday,' just as the Anglo-Saxon parliaments were styled 'Witanagemotes' (*sic*). On page 142 Terpsichore is introduced as the daughter of 'Mnemsoyse' (*sic*). It is intimated (p. 231) that 'barbarian' comes from the Latin *barba*, a beard, because the Barbarians were 'unkempt'! After this, of course, *uncle* (a pawnbroker) is from Latin *uncus*, a hook; *police* is from the Latin (?) *polis*, a city; and burglar is from Old English *burgh*, a town, and French *lair*, a thief. On p. 253 the German *pfennig* is spelt *phennig*; and *farthing* is from Anglo-Saxon *feodha* (*sic*), a fourth. Is *Carollus* (!) the 'Latinized description of Charles' (p. 254)? or Mazarine the legitimate spelling of the great Cardinal's name (p. 256)?

These examples of what Dr. F. Hall calls 'intuitive philology' are culled from a hasty glance through 'Names and their Meaning.' One shudders to think what a more careful inspection might reveal.

* Names and Their Meaning. A Book for the Curious. By Leopold Wagner. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Recent Poetry and Verse

ALTHOUGH 'A Summer Night, and Other Poems,' by Graham R. Tomson, contains nothing up to the standard of the best work in her previous volume ('The Bird-Bride,' etc.), the thirty-four lyrics in it are good enough to make it altogether pleasing and satisfactory. Mrs. Tomson's verse is marked by great delicacy of fancy and occasionally shows a fine imagination and power of expression. The most conspicuous poems in this collection are the five weird ballads,—those 'Of the Were-Wolf' and 'Of the Willow-Pool' in particular; the charming lyrics, 'Chimæra' and 'The Nightingale's Children'; and two or three of the descriptive poems of nature. We make room for 'After Sunset,' the briefest of all of them:—

A white star in an opal sky
Peeps o'er pale cloud-wreaths drifting by:
Across the plain a small gold eye
Blinks from the blue profundity.

The frontispiece, 'A Summer Night,' is by the poet's husband, Mr. Arthur Tomson. It is a little book and a very pretty one. (London: Methuen & Co.)

A LARGER VOLUME, but not so interesting, is Mr. Arlo Bates's 'The Poet and His Self.' Of our minor singers Mr. Bates seems to be the most uneven in his work. There are lines in his verse that defy the rules for scanning, and sometimes his rhymes are almost as far-fetched as those of the lady who paid no attention to rhyme. Nevertheless there are many excellent and genuine poems in this curiously named book, and they may be found in the group of flower lyrics and among the 'Fardels' and the pieces taken from the poet's scrap-book. Ever since Mr. Aldrich gave those two stanzas entitled 'Identity' to the world, poets everywhere have been trying to sing their own weird duets. Mr. Bates's song of these two hurrying shapes is called 'Encounter':—

The spirits swirled along the vast,
Meeting, each other clutched in fear;
While each his woe outbreathed, aghast
The other's bitter plaint to hear.

'Alas!' one mourned, 'from bridal bliss
Death tore me, newly wed this morn.'
The other wailed: 'Far worse than this
My pain; I hasten to be born!'

This would seem to show that while all these poets have the identical seed, they somehow cannot grow the flower. The publishers have given the poet's verses a handsome setting. (\$1.50. Roberts Bros.)

IF ANY READER can find out what Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is 'up to' in his recently published 'Flying Islands of the Night,' he will be fortunate. We have come to the conclusion that he has been amusing himself by trying to see what wild and fantastic flights his Pegasus could make. He has invented a new family of fairies, created a new and wonderfully strange fairy-world, and contributed several new words to the fairy-lexicon. Having done these things he has proceeded to have fun, and the result is 'The Flying Islands of the Night.' His Pegasus this time is a night-mare;—if we may jest with this jester. Here is one of the dwarf Jucklet's speeches:

Spang spirit! my gracious Queen! but thou has scorched
My left ear to a cinder! and my head
Rings like a ding-dong on the coast of death!

But though my lug be fried to crisp, and my
Singed wig stinks like a little sun-stewed Wunk,
I stretch my fragrant presence at thy feet
And kiss thy sandal with a blistered lip.

Yet in the midst of this jargon Mr. Riley writes a dainty lyric,* the 'Wraith-Song of Sprairoll.' It is all, as the title-page announces, 'A thyng of wytchencrep—an idle dreame'; and the poet's request is

For the Song's sake; even so;
Humor it, and let it go
All untamed and wild of wing—
Leave it ever truanting,

It is a truant, and when it gets into the reader's hands it is likely to be spanked. (\$1.25. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.)

A SMALL VOLUME of 'Poems,' by W. E. H. Lecky, is chiefly interesting on account of the fame of the writer, whose literary talents, it must be said, are not for poetry. A number of persons have written serious, thoughtful and very readable verse without making any pretension to being poets: of this number we reckon Mr. Lecky as one. Among these lyrical recreations of a scholar

there are several that are delightful. The lines 'On an Old Song' are very simple and winning, and this couplet from 'Birthdays' is worth remembering:—

Let work be thy measure of life, then only the end is well;
The birthdays we hail so blithely are strokes of the passing-bell.

The volume is neatly printed, and attractively bound in white and gold. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)—A COLLECTION of religious verse written by the Rev. Dr. S. Dryden Phelps, is entitled 'Songs for all Seasons,' and is arranged so that there is a poem for each day in the year. The author's work is characterized by a serene hopefulness and it always evinces sincerity of thought and feeling. Some of his hymns have already become familiar throughout the country. The book is published in an attractive style. (\$1.25. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.)—'OSBULBHA, and Other Poems' is by Mr. Robert D. Windes. The leading poem is an Indian legend of Florida. Among other pieces in the collection are 'The Amphelians' and a Pindaric Ode entitled 'The Dirge for De Soto.' (New Orleans: R. D. Windes.)

THE SUCCESS of Mr. J. K. Stephen's 'Lapsus Calami' has tempted the author to issue another booklet of *lapsus calami*, the title of which asks the question 'Quo Musa Tendit?' Mr. Stephen seems to have a pretty clear idea of the answer to this query, for in bidding farewell to the reader and to his Pen, he says:—

I go to fly at higher game;
At prose as good as I can make it:
And, though it brings no gold nor fame,
I will not, while I live, forsake it.

Having read 'Quo Musa Tendit?' we think prose is a proper conclusion. In the author's first book there was an occasional echo of Calverley: none, we regret to say, can be detected in his second. Sometimes it is wise to heed, ere you slip your pen, 'If at first you do succeed, don't try again'—lest your *lapsus calami* be a calamity. When he comes to prose we wish Mr. Stephen all the gold and fame his prose may merit. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

Religious and Theological Literature

'THE INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS; or, Thoughts on the Communion of Saints and the Life of the World to Come' is the title of a book of selections, chiefly from English writers, as the title-page states, by L. P.—whoever she may be,—prefaced by Canon H. S. Holland, whose own writings have been liberally drawn upon. Phillips Brooks (name misspelled in the index), Longfellow and Mrs. Stowe are the Americans represented. The extracts are well arranged. The Communion of Saints is considered under the rubrics 'Life in Time,' 'Life Through Death,' 'Life Beyond the Veil' and 'Life Everlasting,' and each subject is appropriately subdivided. In a book of this kind everything depends on the taste of the compiler, and happily in this instance the taste is good. The range of authors is, however, narrow. There are eighty-one names: five are Fathers and three are seventeenth century English divines; nearly all the rest are of our day. The compiler had devotional ends in view, and may have felt absolved from locating her extracts more particularly; at all events the sources are given so loosely that no one could find the passages in the authors quoted. It may be pedantic to bring such a charge, but it would seem more scholarly to state somewhere the editions used, and then refer to the pages rather than to say 'E. B. Pusey,' or even (more definitely) 'Phillips Brooks, *Sermons*.' Sometimes the number of the volume of sermons is given, but never the page. On the whole the book is excellent and will bring consolation to many. Such reading-matter is for odd minutes and for the times of prayer. (\$2. Longmans, Green & Co.)—'THE LARGER CHRIST' is the title of the Rev. George D. Herron's latest volume. Mr. Herron is a man of power. What is most attractive about his book is its moral rather than its intellectual seriousness, to adapt Matthew Arnold's phrase. Mr. Herron aims at producing impressions, not by iteration as Matthew Arnold does, for he has none of the tricks of that literary magician, but by earnest and emphatic statements. He writes with immense enthusiasm and fine culture. There are four sermons in this volume: 'The Discovery of Christ the Need of our Times,' 'Innocence Suffering for Guilt,' 'The Growing Christ—The Dying Self' and 'The Resurrection of Life.' The last is of decidedly inferior quality, but the second and third are excellent. Mr. Herron, like a prophet—a speaker for God, that is—does not argue; he appeals to one's moral nature; he pleads, he commands. His theology is not Calvinistic. He discards the theory of vicarious atonement. He makes little of the Holy Spirit as a person. To him Christ is everything. Among striking utterances, taken at random, are these:—'The atonement is a reality. It is the real coming of God into humanity—a re-creation, a regeneration of the race from with-

in' (p. 62). 'For God to punish Christ for our sins would be infinite wickedness, and would not make us a whit better' (p. 51). The book will quicken the spiritual life. It will intensify and extend the influence of Christ, and so far will be a blessing. But it will not weaken the foundation of the much-abused but profound conceptions of orthodoxy. (75 cts. F. H. Revell Co.)

OVER THE ABSURD pseudonym of 'Mr. E. D. McRealsham' a former Professor of Hebrew in Andover Theological Seminary has issued 'Romans Dissected: A New Critical Analysis of the Epistle to the Romans.' It came out simultaneously in German under the likelier name of Carl Hedegger. It is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the vaunted Pentateuchal analysis, which is supposed to show a combination of authors harmonized after a fashion by a redactor, or a series of redactors. Mr. McR. shows that Romans can be analyzed in the same way, and its composite origin exhibited. He does it very thoroughly and gravely. Now it does not follow that Pentateuchal criticism is wrong because such a travesty can be made upon it. But the travesty does show that the burden of proof is on the shoulders of those who dissect the Pentateuch. They will utterly fail in convincing the people at large unless they do better than they have done. (75 cts. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—WILLIAM FREDERIC FABER, Presbyterian pastor at Westfield, N. Y., a town near Lake Erie, has undertaken to tell his people first and then the public generally about 'The Church for the Times.' The paper-covered pamphlet in appearance seems to be the curtailed galley-proof of a country newspaper, but no sooner do we open it than we find ourselves in the presence of a man who has a message. Buy the pamphlet and learn what that message is. (25 cts. Westfield Lakeside Press.)

REV. JESSE L. HURLBUT, D.D., and Mr. Robert R. Doherty, Ph.D., have again joined forces and taken in assistants to produce 'Illustrative Notes on the Sunday-School Lessons for 1892.' Dr. Hurlbut is a veteran in this service. The list of authors quoted is very long. One entry would cause the author named to squirm. It reads 'Dr. Albert Barnes.' Mr. Barnes declined to receive a doctorate, and was opposed to the use of the title. Chauncey M. Depew figures among these Bible pundits; so do Dickens and Gen. Grant. J. Comper Gray and the Biblical Museum, which he wrote, appear as separate entries. 'Dr. Hoge' is probably a misprint for Dr. Hodge. 'A. C. Kendrick' should be A. C. Kendrick. 'Lecher' should be Lechler. Canon Westcott is now Bishop of Durham. But the making of a long list paying attention to accuracy and uniformity is difficult, and the list is on the whole very good. The same may be said of the use made of the authors named in it. There is no striving after originality, there is the frankest acknowledgment of help, but the work is planned and executed carefully and will beyond doubt prove very helpful. The numerous maps and plans and illustrations add to its attractiveness and value. It is pleasant to notice that the correct form Sanhedrin, instead of Sanhedrim, is getting into common use. But when will the Revised Version be adopted as text instead of the so-called Authorized? —'BOSTON HOMILIES: Short Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1892 by Members of the Alpha Chapter of the Convocation of Boston University' is plainly an imitation of the 'Monday Club' sermons on the same series, which have now been regularly issued for many years. One woman, at least, appears among these Methodist homilists, and there may be others, since a large proportion of the surnames have merely initials prefixed. The fifty-two lessons of the year were apparently distributed among the members of the Chapter, so that each had only one. More unfavorable conditions for uniformly good sermonizing cannot be imagined. The first homily has a fling at 'higher criticism,' which to the writer is apparently identical with rationalism. Writers for the people owe it to themselves to explain that in itself 'higher criticism' is not a whit more irreligious than literary criticism generally. (\$1.25 each. Hunt & Eaton.)

Recent Fiction

THE FIRST of a volume of 'Three Tales,' by William Douglas O'Connor, is called 'The Ghost,' and is a most curious and absurd story. A physician, rather inclined to be hard and exacting with the world at large, is walking along home in the streets of Boston one evening when the ghost of a dead friend suddenly appears to him and escorts him to his house, entering with him and remaining in order to induce him to be more lenient and to have more of the milk of human kindness towards people in distress. He resists this influence for a while, but at last the pressure which the phantom brings to bear upon him is too great and he is overcome by it. From that night he is a changed man and spends his time doing good. The other two stories, 'The Brazen Android' and 'The Carpenter,' are about like this first one. The volume has an in-

roduction by Walt Whitman. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) —'COUNTRESS Ericka's Apprenticeship' is a tame little story translated from the German of Ossip Schubin by Mrs. A. L. Wister. The Countess is a little child when the book opens giving alms to an artist whom she takes for a beggar. Time passes and she becomes entangled in a violent love-affair with this same artist, who already has a wife, but who persuades the Countess that it is her duty to run off with him. As she is preparing to do so she sees the wife throwing herself into the river and the spectacle deters her. She discovers at last that she has really never loved this man at all but another one, whom she eventually marries. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

JOHN SHERMAN has a friend in Ballah, the chief town of the County Donegal in Ireland, where he was born and reared. They have known each other from childhood and the friendship is purely platonic, so he thinks. He tells her he has decided to go to London to try and make his way in the world, and she encourages him to go because she has great faith in him and knows he needs a wider field to develop what is in him. In London he engages himself to a girl he wishes to marry for the sake of her money. He cannot write this news to his old friend, however, so he goes back home on a visit just to tell her. In doing so he discovers that he and this woman love each other, and that he will never be happy with anyone else. On his return to London he deliberately throws his fiancée in the way of a young clergyman he has making him a visit until propinquity does its work and the girl discards him for his friend. He is delighted with this result and crosses the Channel again at once to tell the Irish girl there is no longer any obstacle to their union. To his amazement she rejects him. He has shown himself to be without purpose, she is disappointed in him, and does not believe in his love for her. After a while, though, she changes her mind, decides that she is necessary to him, and that it is her duty to marry him and give him an object in life. This is the first story in the Unknown Library volume called 'John Sherman, and Dhoya.' The second story is a very slight allegory. They are both told under the *nom de plume* of Ganconagh. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)

'SYD BELTON; or, The Boy who Would Not Go to Sea,' by G. Manville Fenn, has the unusual merit of telling all about itself in its title. If there be anything in heredity the hero should take naturally to salt water, as his father was Captain and his Uncle an admiral in the British Navy, and, for generations, his forbears had been sailors; but, at seventeen, Master Sydney runs away rather than go on ship-board. After many unpleasant experiences, however, he grows to like the ancestral trade, and, distinguishing himself in an attempt to fortify and hold a small islet off the French coast, he becomes a regularly commissioned officer of the service he so much disliked at the outset. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.) —'THE OLD STONE HOUSE' is an eerie tale of jealousy and murder. A village coquette jilts one lover (who, as an old man, is supposed to tell the story) and wavers so between two others that each is suspected of having caused her death. Other tales in the same volume are 'A Memorable Night,' 'The Black Cross,' 'A Mysterious Case' and 'Shall He Wed Her?' Most, if not all of them, have first seen the light in the magazines. (40 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'A ROSE OF A Hundred Leaves' is a charmingly fresh and dainty little love-story by Amelia E. Barr. The scene is laid in an old country house in the North of England where Aspatria lives with her two brothers. The three are devoted to each other and to their home, but it is a lonely life at best and they heartily welcome a belated traveller who takes refuge with them from the storm. This man falls in love with Aspatria and asks her hand in marriage. His family think it is no match for him, and, trusting to the known fickleness of his character, they secure the postponement of the wedding for a year and take him off to Italy. They are successful. Before the year is over he has forgotten the girl. Her brothers are not men to be tampered with, however, and they force him to marry her even though he swears he will leave his bride at the church door and never see her again, and he carries out the threat. The oldest brother wants to kill him, but the girl makes him promise to let her husband go free. She then determines to go to London and take the training necessary to make a polished woman of the world of herself, so that she may lay siege to this man's heart again on a perfect footing of equality with himself from every point of view. Of course she succeeds and it all ends happily. The story is simple and the plot has no element of novelty in it, but the characters are very attractive and the tale is exquisitely told in a quaint old-fashioned style that is always interesting and at times very touching. (\$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

'A PAGAN OF THE ALLEGHANIES,' by Marah Ellis Ryan, is an extremely interesting novel. The scene is laid in a new place and among new people. A spur of the Alleghenies running through the coal region of Pennsylvania furnishes the setting for one or two thoroughly picturesque characters. Of plot there is not much, one's interest centres in the Pagan and is entirely absorbed by him. A young man is sent by his uncle into this region of the country to look after his coal interests. Shut off from civilization and from the cultured people with whom he has always associated, he thinks at first he cannot possibly stand life in this place and he is about to resign when he meets a girl, a genuine, untutored product of the mountains, whose face has so much soul and so much character that he persuades himself he can make of her what he pleases. He turns the situation over in his mind, decides to settle down where he is, adapt himself to his surroundings, marry the girl and become one of the mountaineers. He counts without his host however. The Pagan of the Alleghenies is an important factor in the situation which he has failed to take into consideration. This man's father had a grudge against the world for its bad treatment of him, attributed its falsehood and its sham to too much culture, and sent his son to these mountains to be reared without education and in ignorance of his birth. The son grows to be a man without book knowledge of any kind, but with an instinctive craving for it which he supplies by the most thorough study of nature in all her phases. He has no religion, but a perfect moral code, and a thoroughly pagan philosophy. There is something Oriental in the bent of his mind, and he is persuaded of the truth in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. By this he explains the manner in which animals and inanimate things seem to talk to him. He is in love with this girl, and when the other man proposes to her she confesses her love for the Pagan. The denouement is unexpected and had best be left to the reader's imagination. (\$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.)

London Letter

THE DEATH of Cardinal Manning, occurring as it did within a few hours of that of the poor young Prince, was somewhat lost sight of in the public mind, roused to an enthusiastic sympathy with the royal house of mourning. At another time the demise of so prominent a figure in the history of our own times, would have created a much wider sensation,—and had it not been for the genuine and almost romantic emotion by which the nation was stirred last week, the recognition of our loss in Manning as a great practical thinker, whose influence was always at work, and who had his grasp on all the burning questions of the day, would have been insisted upon more loudly. As it was, the friendly attitude of the English people towards the great churchman—whose change of faith did not make him less an Englishman and an English patriot—was attested by the enormous crowds which followed his funeral obsequies; and especially by the delegates who assembled from innumerable trades' brotherhoods and societies. So vast a concourse, and so imposing a ceremonial has rarely been witnessed in the metropolis; and if it be true that many of the spectators had been present the previous afternoon at Windsor, they must have beheld two solemn services for the dead, rendered in two distinctly different fashions, yet equally striking and impressive.

One of the most practical of men, and accredited with less scholarly renown than many of his contemporaries wearing the red hat, Manning, nevertheless, was a match for any of his compeers when preaching on subjects dear to his heart. I possess, and greatly value, a volume of his sermons published before he left the Church of England—namely, in the year 1845, at which time he was Archdeacon of Chichester,—and these sermons are distinguished by an eloquence, a poetic fervor and a depth of passionate religious feeling impossible to describe. Some of the passages are indeed of unsurpassable beauty, and one in particular, relating to the souls of 'The Faithful Departed,' might fittingly have been pronounced as the preacher's own requiem. When Manning went over to Rome it was a matter of course that these published discourses should be 'bought in,' and it was only by the merest chance that some years ago I came upon the old leather-bound copy above-named, tossing about upon a bookstall in the open street! Subsequently I was offered any sum I chose for it by a scholarly divine—himself a talented and popular preacher—but he was not surprised at my electing to decline the proposal.

The literary journals are, of course, full of tributes to Manning, and among these are some interesting trifles, one of which will serve to illustrate the generosity by which the estate of the late Archbishop is said to have been impoverished. A gentleman seeking to raise a fund on behalf of an unselfish worker, whose labors for others had left himself penniless, 'wrote,' he relates, 'to one of the richest men in the country,' and received in reply, 'the offer of one

guinea, accompanied by certain very stringent conditions.' The same post brought an answer from Cardinal Manning; his letter contained a promise of fifty pounds, and he apologized for 'the smallness of the gift,' occasioned by the 'great and pressing demands upon a slender purse.' This is but one of many deeds of secret charity and liberality, which now see the light. We are the better for hearing of them; and I rejoice to record that the feeling of respect for the memory of the great leader now gone, is universal; and that whatever may be individual opinion regarding Manning's change of religious belief, about his religion itself there is but one verdict.

That the marriage of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Miss Carolyn Balestier should have been private in the strictest sense of the term, was, under the circumstances, only to be expected. The day, the hour, the place, were all jealously guarded from public notice; and such of us as were bidden, received merely a few ambiguous lines, posted late the night before,—so late indeed, that one which had further to go than the rest, did not arrive till the ceremony was actually over, and to my great regret, I was not present. Mr. Henry James gave the bride away, in lieu of his lost friend, her brother; but neither her mother nor sister were able to be there, being too ill of the prevailing malady to leave their beds. Only ten people were in the church—the saddest, most touching little ceremony, wrote one, 'you ever saw. We were all thinking of dear Wolcott.' I may add that it was not the young lady presented by me at Court—as supposed by *The Critic*—who is now Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, but her elder and only sister. Mr. Kipling hurried homewards directly on hearing the news of his friend's death, and had actually arrived in London, and rejoined the bereaved family there, when the papers were reporting him at the other end of the earth.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who has invited us all to the Avenue Theatre to-morrow afternoon to hear Prof. Herkomer lecture on Scenic Art, finds himself obliged to announce that owing to the great desire to be present, he will not be able to offer seats to 'the profession' generally, but that on presenting their cards, the best will be done for them that he can do in the way of stray chairs and stools. It will be rather amusing to watch these stowaways arriving, and mark how the ingenuity of Mr. Jones's people rises with the occasion, but it is a pity the lecture has not come off one day sooner, when it would have been in time for this mail.

If looks were everything, Mr. Tree's 'Hamlet' would leave nothing to be desired. His languid, dreamy movements and mystic eyes—if one may use such an expression—are precisely those with which lovers of Shakespeare have long accredited the hapless Prince of Denmark; and as one follows the merely mechanical part of this most versatile of modern actors, one feels nothing but admiration for his undoubted ability,—but—and here comes in the inevitable 'but'—somehow it isn't Hamlet: it is only Mr. Beerbohm Tree acting Hamlet, and acting very well. There is no illusion—none whatever. I like to see Mr. Tree at all times, and never weary of his charming intonation, nor even of his pretty little lisp,—but he is better in modern than in ancient lore, and it is an open secret that play-goers rather wish he had let Hamlet alone.

'The Idler' is really very funny, and is to be met with on many tables. During this gloomy season we are grateful to Mr. Jerome for the spontaneous flow of his innocent humor, and there are innumerable sick-beds which have been cheered by it. The composite photographs give rise to some reflection, too.

There is a great run on Hardy's new novel, and people tell me that it is equal to anything he ever wrote—that 'anything' obviously referring to 'Far from the Madding Crowd,'—since all later productions may be lumped together as on a distinctly lower level. I have not yet had time to read 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' but it is being passed from hand to hand around me with obvious satisfaction.

A very odd and uncommon book, in so far as outward appearance is concerned, is Mrs. Wicks' 'Golden Lives' (Blackwood & Sons). One is prejudiced against it by reason of its wonderful setting, into which there enters a suspicion of egotistic vanity. A man writes a novel, and mounts it so splendidly that it gives rise to a feeling that only standard works ought to be so presented to the public; yet on reading 'Golden Lives' the reader is insensibly charmed by the exquisite and most apposite illustrations, and by a certain originality in the treatment of the tale itself. I do not quite know what to say about it, but it is certainly worth looking into.

'Famous Artists,' by Sarah K. Bolton (Nelson & Sons), is the sort of book which all young people ought to read. Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Murillo, Rembrandt, will then become to them living people, and they will be spurred on to peruse fuller and more exhaustive memoirs of such noble subjects. May I suggest, as a good school-room lesson, the study of one of these essays, to be followed by an examination?

The interest of the pupil would be awakened, and—invaluable aid!—the fancy caught. For the same reason Macaulay's essays and biographies make delightful subjects for the intelligence of the school-room to feed upon. What a pity it is that tasks should ever be dry!

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

TWO TRIBUTES have been paid to the memory of James Russell Lowell within the past few days—one by Col. T. W. Higginson, in a paper read by him before the Loyal Legion of Massachusetts; the other by President Eliot, in his annual report to the Overseers of Harvard College. Before quoting President Eliot's words I will write of news that will please as well as interest all New Englanders. Harper & Bros. are soon to publish a volume of Col. Higginson's papers from the *Basar*, uniform with their recent volumes of Curtis, Warner and Howells, and entitled 'Concerning All of Us.' The book will have a portrait of the author, as have its companion volumes.

What an admirably representative American series this will form! Our English cousins will have a good opportunity to judge of the genial spirit, the critical independence and the power of our literary leaders. And that brings to mind the fact that when Col. Higginson was first in London, he was criticised for seeming too much like an Englishman, and not having enough of American flavor. That was twenty years ago. He seems to have got bravely over it, judging by the oburgations of Andrew Lang and *The Saturday Review*. Mr. Lang, by the way, rather unexpectedly, it may seem to American readers, does not seem to rebel at Col. Higginson's calling him 'a clever Londoner,' and speaking of the 'garlic flavors' of Kipling, for he quotes both passages.

President Eliot's eulogy of James Russell Lowell is a warm tribute. 'Mr. Lowell,' says Harvard's President, 'was chosen Smith Professor in 1855, and entered upon the duties of his office in 1857—the third incumbent of the chair already made illustrious by Ticknor and Longfellow. He discharged the duties of his professorship with unfailing assiduity for twenty years, with the exception of a period of two years which he spent in Europe. His literary sympathies were wide, and his knowledge of books extensive and thorough; yet scholarship was not his characteristic, but rather wisdom. Himself a poet and prose-writer of great distinction, he was also an admirable critic of both prose and verse. From 1877 to 1885 he was absent in Europe on the public service; but on his return he resumed the duties of his chair for a few months. In 1886 he resigned his professorship, and was made Professor Emeritus. On two memorable occasions in the history of the College Mr. Lowell had the chief part. The first was the Commemoration Day, in June 1865, at the close of the Civil War, when Mr. Lowell read his Commemoration Ode—the most exalted and fervent patriotic poem which America has produced. The second was the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the College, when he made the principal address—an address worthy of a great occasion. In 1887 he was elected by the alumni to the Board of Overseers. Mr. Lowell inherited from his father and his grandfather a strong affection for Harvard College. Whenever he had opportunity to serve her he was mindful of her interests. He made to the Library repeated gifts, and of carefully-chosen books, many of them rare and costly, and at his death his will was found to contain the following bequest:—"I give to the Corporation of Harvard College, the Library thereof, my copy of 'Webster on Witchcraft,' formerly belonging to Increase Mather, President of the College, and also any books from my library of which the College Library does not already possess copies, or of which the copies or editions in my library are, for any reason whatever, preferable to those possessed by the College Library." In his generation no graduate of the University has been so eminent alike in literature and in the public service.'

President Eliot's report will call attention to the growth of Harvard as a university. Its collegiate department has progressed in the past year or so, but not so rapidly as have the other departments. In the College there are 1450 students, in the entire University there are 3000. The financial outlay for the College is less than half the total for the University. This illustrates the efforts made to broaden Harvard and to place it on a ground above that of the ordinary college. One of its great needs is a new library building.

A curious question has come up through the publication of Gen. Butler's book. The Library Trustees in Butler's city, Lowell, desired to secure a copy for public circulation, but the publishers immediately forbade their using the work, and moreover threatened them with legal prosecution if they disobeyed the command. Thereat a clergyman of Lowell presented his copy of 'Butler's Book' to the

Library and said, 'Do with it as you choose.' Now the question arises, What can they do under the law? By the terms of sale in the publishers' preface, subscribers are forbidden to re-sell the book or to allow its use outside of their household, the ownership reverting to the publishers if this agreement is broken. In the same agreement the publishers guarantee subscribers that if the book is ever sold at cut rates by any one, they will refund subscribers the difference in price. Gen. Butler has written a letter to the publishers and declares that he will stand by them in this matter, but several members of other book-dealing firms have intimated that they are not all scared by these new rules and stipulations. They maintain that a man has a perfect right to sell whatever he buys. The Grant subscription book, it may be added, was placed in the Lowell Library and publicly used.

One of the most important books to be put forth this spring by Boston publishers is Francis Parkman's final volume on the French and English in North America. It is to be called 'A Half Century of Conflict,' and in point of time will precede Mr. Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*. Little, Brown & Co. will publish the work in May in two volumes.

At Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s they are getting ready Dr. Lyman Abbott's Lowell Lectures on the Evolution of Christianity. The greatest interest has been aroused by these lectures, and as the Rev. Minot Savage, the leader in radical thought in Boston, and Joseph Cook, the leader of conservatism, have prepared to criticise the theories of Dr. Abbott, it would seem that he had hit upon a middle (and therefore most popular) ground. In a fortnight Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to issue Maturin Ballou's description of his visit to St. Thomas, Martinique, the Barbadoes and the capitals of South America, the book being published under the title of 'Equatorial America.' At the same time they will publish A. P. Sinnett's 'Rationale of Mesmerism,' an explanation of the facts of mesmerism and a sharp criticism of its critics. Mr. Sinnett is a thorough enthusiast in his beliefs, as is shown by his work on 'The Occult World.' Mrs. Celia B. Woolley, who wrote 'Rachel Armstrong' and the 'Girl Graduate,' has taken up a social problem for her new work. Knowing the evils of marriages made without consideration and without serious views, she has pictured the inevitable consequences of a thoughtless alliance, and the result of her ideas will be embodied in the story of 'Rachel Hunt,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will issue. The speeches of Henry Cabot Lodge, that are to be put forth by the same house, will not include any of his political addresses. They will include his oration on Harvard College in Politics, International Copyright, Civilization of the Public School, the Blue and the Gray, and the Uses and Responsibilities of Leisure.

Poe's copy of 'The Bells' was put up at auction here last week and sold for \$230; a gold locket, with the hair of Poe and his wife within, was sold for \$55. A letter written by George Washington brought \$186.

Last year the Independent Corps of Cadets, the fashionable militia organization of Boston, inaugurated a novel scheme for amateurs. They hired a theatre for an entire week, and on its stage gave an original burlesque written by two members of the Corps. So successful were they, that now they have repeated the experiment. Last night their new extravaganza, entitled '1492,' was presented at the Tremont Theatre before an audience representing Boston's wealth and fashion. The parts were all taken by young men of Boston, and some of them, though handsome enough in their women's garments, yet astonished more than one lady admirer in the audience by the extraordinary bass tones which would slip out. It was a performance like the Hasty Pudding theatricals at Harvard (and many of the players were Harvard graduates), with 'gorgeous costumes,' clever ballet-dancers (all masculine), jolly songs and a text brim-ful of puns. Cyrene, the Spanish rival of Carmencita, has danced before the soldiers, artists, musicians and literary folk, who form the Bohemian 'Odd Gloves' society, Mr. Walter Chase and other prime movers in the Italian theatre expedition having arranged the entertainment; and Paderewski has played in Mrs. Whitman's studio before 100 subscribers who paid for the privilege \$10 each; so it will be seen that entertainment has been abundant in Boston the last few days.

BOSTON, Feb. 9, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

THE TONE of asperity in the following communication, dated New Orleans, Feb. 3, points to the writer (who signs herself 'R.') as the author of the paragraph recently quoted in these columns:—'A. S. is quite unnecessarily alarmed in regard to the literary honors of Miss Crim, and his solemn warning touching the awful fate that awaits the false claimant of such honors is a clear waste of nervous energy. The atrocious notice upon which he seized with

such avidity appeared in the *Times-Democrat* of Dec. 27. Had A. S. perused with equal industry the issue of Jan. 3, his agitated soul would have been soothed by a correction of the error, and the reinstatement of Miss Crim in all her rights both of sex and authorship. Prof. Lodge is the author of "A Study in Corneille," a work entirely different in character from Miss Crim's, and it is safe to presume that he was quite as much annoyed at finding himself credited with her novel as the lady and her friend are to have him so credited. At all events it is only fair to all parties to state that it was a mistake, pure and simple, and was promptly corrected in the same publication in which it appeared, long before A. S.'s communication got into print, and in ample time to have enabled him to avoid assuming publicly the rather absurd attitude of repelling invaders who have not the slightest wish to invade.'

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, who has hitherto paid court alternately to the Metropolis of America and the Hub of the Universe, has 'settled down' as a New Yorker at last, and wisely made his home opposite a park. Stuyvesant Square is the one he has selected, and his choice is a good one. The neighborhood is quiet, and the houses, being old-fashioned, are larger than those more recently built. If one can look out over trees and grass, even if icicles hang to the trees and the grass is covered with snow, the scene is more inspiring than a vista of brownstone-fronts. There is no season of the year when a park, be it ever so small, has not an individuality of its own. Mr. Howells's study, we are told, is the 'third story front,' facing southward and therefore parkward. Being up so high he loses the sight of the street and gets instead an unobstructed view of tree-tops and sky. At ten o'clock A. M. Mr. Howells sits down at his desk, and at four he leaves it. I hope, for the sake of his nerves and of his digestion, that he takes a few turns around the park before he goes to his desk, and a few more after he lays down his pen. According to all accounts the novelist is a very systematic man. He doesn't believe in dashing work off at high pressure by the light of flickering gas. He works slowly and deliberately, and by a careful management of his time accomplishes much more in the way of work—and of play also—than the man who leaves everything until the last moment, and then works like a steam engine.

THAT VERY systematic and deliberate writer, the late Anthony Trollope, said a great many good things and a great many foolish ones in regard to writing. Among the former he never said anything truer than that a little shoemaker's wax on the seat of a man's trousers was an invaluable aid to literary composition. I hope that no ambitious young writer will take this advice literally, and ruin his clothing in trying to act upon it. What Mr. Trollope meant was that regular hours of work bring the best results. Once begin to write, with the determination to stick to your task for a certain length of time, and you are bound to accomplish something. I do not mean that an ignoramus by sitting long at his desk can write anything worth reading, but that the intelligent writer can accomplish much more by systematic than by spasmodic devotion to his task. I have found that an hour in the morning is worth two at night, but there are people who do their best work, or think they do, by candle-light. I don't believe that they have given the sun a fair chance; but, after all, the main thing is to work regularly rather than fitfully.

APROPOS of the way literary men do their work is this, from a recent *Deutsche Revue*. It was written by Theodor Wiedemann, who was Von Ranke's amanuensis for sixteen years:—

Ranke's mode of life was regular and simple. He rose at nine, and after a light breakfast began work about half-past nine or ten, and continued till half-past one or two, except for a brief interval of a quarter of an hour or so for the second breakfast or lunch. About two he took his daily walk, and was accompanied by his servant, for he was very short-sighted, and it was the servant's special duty to draw the attention of his master to any acquaintance he might meet on the street, and particularly to members of the Imperial family. Dinner was at five, and work was resumed at seven. In later years a longer pause was made, which threw the work into the midnight hours. Still Ranke could not stand the strain of work longer than eight to nine hours a day, and only when circumstances were pressing did he ever prolong his labors beyond that period. In any case he took care that the time reserved for sleep should not be curtailed. While he was at work, he worked with his whole heart and soul. He sat in an easy chair at a little table, rising every now and then to promote circulation, and often standing a while against the chair or the table. Leaning against his chair or table, but with his back turned to his amanuensis that his thoughts should not be disturbed, was indeed his usual attitude when dictating.

Of course there are almost as many ways of writing as there are writers, and I confess that they are all interesting to me.

A FEATURE of *The Strand* is its 'illustrated interviews.' A representative of the magazine visits the 'subject,' and takes a photographer with him—unless the 'subject' is already prepared with the necessary materials. Mr. Rider Haggard is the 'subject' in the current number of the magazine, and twenty-three photographs illustrate his place of residence and manner of life. They are interesting pictures, and show the inventor of 'She' to be a man of comfortable means. The interviewer was evidently impressed by all he saw, and found it no easy matter to realize that he who wanders about a compact little farm of a hundred and fifty acres, and inquires of the bailiff as he critically looks into a pig-pen—'Which of these pigs are you going to kill?'—or picks out a turkey with a view to its appearance on the Christmas dinner-table, is the author of 'King Solomon's Mines,' etc. Still less could he realize this astonishing fact when the writer of all these stories came into the drawing-room after dinner and played 'Proverbs' and 'munched' great Ribston pippins, picked from the tree only an hour ago.

MR. HAGGARD'S HOUSE is a veritable 'curiosity-shop,' and the interviewer tells us that one of the most striking things to be seen there is 'a gold band, thousands of years old, with hieroglyphics engraved upon it signifying "Haggard" (as an Egyptian might have written it) "the Scribe makes an offering to the God of Dawn."' Mr. Haggard conversed freely with his guest on the subject of novel-writing, and expressed the desire to some day 'undertake an orthodox novel by way of a change.' Still speaking of his own writings, he claimed to have created every character in his novels, and considered 'six months a fair time to complete an important work.' In this Mr. Haggard is not like his fellow-countrywoman, Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was thirteen years writing one novel and four years writing another.

A MR. WATT, a literary agent, arranges for the publication of Mr. Haggard's stories, and their author never even reads a review of them. 'Time is likely to be a better judge than either author or critics, all of whose individual opinions are, therefore, somewhat superfluous.' As to his manner of work, nothing could be more methodical than Mr. Haggard is.

He usually writes some three or four thousand words a day, sitting down at a great oaken writing-table (with a liberal supply of foolscap paper) about half-past four, working on till dinner-time, and again resuming the thread of his story at night for an hour or two. In the morning the farm and his correspondence claim him. His favorite work, and the one he considers his best, is 'Eric Brighteyes.' 'She' comes next. Amongst his own characters his love leans toward 'Betrice.'

COLUMBIA COLLEGE and the University of the City of New York are running each other a race for the suburbs, where they may have more room, less noise, and better air. The latter institution has gone so far as to get Mr. Stanford White to outline a plan for the new home on University Heights, whither it is proposed to remove, stone by stone, the sixty-year-old ecclesiastical-looking edifice in Washington Square; and to suggest something adequate to take the place of the latter building. And Mr. White has thrown himself into the work *con amore*, his father having been a graduate of the University, and he himself being an honorary alumnus.

PROF. SUMNER of Yale, who has just published an admirable life of Robert Morris, the 'Financier of the Revolution,' says in his preface that it appears from an inventory found in Morris's room—the poor fellow died in a debtor's prison—that he left a diary and some twenty-five volumes of letters and account-books, from 1775 to 1800, and covering the entire period of his connection with the financial operations of our Government. These volumes, it seems, are now in the possession of Gen. Meredith Reed. Speaking of the diary, the Professor says:—'As between my reader and myself, I am called upon to say that I made every possible effort to obtain the use of it for the present work, but that it was not consistent with Gen. Reed's views to grant my request.' It is to be hoped that Gen. Reed has some satisfactory explanation, though it is difficult to imagine one, for such an unscholarly proceeding as is here attributed to him. Though these records in a technical sense are private property, they are also in a sense the property of the nation. It is hard to conceive any motive for depriving them of the substantial advantages which a reference to them by a scholar like Prof. Sumner would confer.

'PEDANTIC ACCURACY is not to be expected in a magazine article,' writes W. M. G., 'but some respect for the limitations of time and space may fairly be looked for. It will not be found, how-

ever, in the eight-page account of the noble-priest Gallitzin in the February *Lippincott's*. Gallitzin's reversionary interest in his father's estate was confiscated, and he thus forfeited a property consisting of three villages, occupied by 1262 male serfs. "This real estate," the writer observes, "embraced as many square miles as the entire State of Pennsylvania." That is to say, three Russian townships, in 1803, occupied by some 3000 souls, were equal in extent to a State embracing 46,000 square miles, and at that time 602,000 inhabitants! "At the Court of France," we are further informed, "to which his father was later Russian Ambassador, he was brought into close contact with Voltaire and Diderot, his father's intimate friends." As the elder Gallitzin became Minister to France in 1763, and ceased to hold that position before his son was born, the contact must have been less close than the reader might suppose, especially as Voltaire was absent from Paris from 1755 to 1778, and Diderot died when the young Gallitzin was only thirteen. The Count's mother, too, according to the *Lippincott* writer, was as indifferent to chronology as she herself is, since "about that time (1792) * * *, desiring that her son should meet Washington, Franklin," etc., the Countess consented to his departure—although Franklin had been dead for two years.

The Creative Faculty in Women

THE CHICAGO *Standard* of Jan. 28, referring to Miss Seawell's article and the replies it has called forth, remarked that 'there has been considerable ink spilled in the controversy, "and the end is not yet."' So it would seem from the comments and communications printed in last week's *Critic*, and the letters, etc., for which room is made to-day.

Miss Seawell is not so solitary in her position as it appeared she would be, at the start. A number of bright women, approving her iconoclastic utterances, have rallied bravely to her support. And *The Independent* of Feb. 4 describes her paper as 'that sensible, clear, logical and now famous essay, * * * which is in refreshing contrast to our popular notions on the subject.' *The World*, however, takes an opposite view of the matter, declaring that to be able to answer affirmatively the question whether any woman has ever 'done anything in the intellectual world that possessed the germ of immortality, * * * one need only read the poems of a few American writers like,—but to mention names would be invidious.'

We quote, in this connection, from an editorial in the *Hartford Courant*, to which reference has already been made:—

The fact is, there is no *raison d'être* for such an article, anyway. Literary and art production should be regarded as sexless, so far as making invidious comparisons based on the sex of the producer goes. No doubt the question of the feminine and masculine elements in literature is of interest in its place: it is legitimate field of inquiry, for example, to the biologist and the anthropologist, while for the serious and thorough student of letters it has its attraction and its lesson. But to bring it up for a two-column popular treatment and to make man and woman in literature a class against-class matter is poor taste, silly and uninteresting. The main thing is to have the work good work and great work; if such it is, such it must be set down, whether begotten of man or woman. And to say that some good and great work—work creative in the sense that the world will not willingly let it die—has not been done by the latter, is simply blinking facts.

The Brooklyn *Daily Times* considers the question at considerable length, characterizing the discussion as 'an almost noisy literary debate, in the midst of which are many shrilly contemptuous voices.' It continues:—

Miss Seawell's stroke was, indeed, extremely radical, but the women who have flown to arms—though this is not an entirely happy metaphor—in opposition, have (as *The Critic* itself suggests) been singularly unsuccessful in assailing the basal tenability of Miss Seawell's position. Miss Seawell, by the way, is not venerable, and is not sour or disappointed. On the contrary, she is young, and is the author of a number of very clever books for which there is a good sale. The attacks made upon Miss Seawell are many of them curious. * * *

One of the wisest comments is from the pen of a gifted woman who writes admirable verse over the *nom de guerre* of Stuart Sterne. * * * Here we have a hint at the real truth of the matter: that in women genius, or the creative faculty, is relatively inferior to the same quality in man, not by reason of any permanent

sex limitation, but by reason of the environment and habit resulting from the circumstance of sex. There is no sex in mind or in genius, but only limitations resulting from the outward conditions of sex. Neither the physical nor the mental inferiority of the female is universal or permanent. Among certain races of human beings—not to mention the brute world—the females are and have been distinctly the superior to the males in sagacity and physique. As the conditions under which women individually live more closely resemble those under which men live, the chances of brain difference must proportionately diminish. This is forcibly suggested not only by the fact that the women who have profoundly influenced the world have generally been women who have been able to throw off the inhibitions of the sex, but by the broader fact that the general character of woman's work in letters bears less and less of the trace of sex.

Meanwhile it is a consolation to those who may bewail the necessary divergence in the lives of the sexes that there are noble creative functions other than those illustrated by the world of letters—a fact too often forgotten, it would appear, by those who should remember it.

The following item bears (though indirectly) upon the question in dispute:—

The last number of the *Journal of the German Oriental Society* contains an elaborate article by Prof. Vambéry on 'The Intellectual Life of Persian Women.' It supplies a list of poetesses, beginning with Princesses of the imperial house. Specimens accompany each name, and translations into German verse. The last portion of the article applies to the most distinguished living poetesses of Iran. As many of these ladies are of Turkish descent, Khajar and others, of course it throws some light upon Turkish character. Altogether, the article gives a picture of the character and capacity of Oriental women very different from that popularly accepted.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Although not now prepared to take issue with Miss Seawell as to the soundness of her general proposition—namely, that women lack the creative faculty,—it is impossible to read her article without dissenting from the steps by which she reaches that ground. The feminine intuition, which, along with the faculty of being better mothers than men, is not denied to our sex, may have enabled Miss Seawell to reach this great truth; but the chain of reasoning by which she would draw the world after her is inadequate to the strain, a chain being no stronger than its weakest link. That there are weak links is evident, upon slight examination.

Instead of clearly defining genius at the beginning of the article, and adhering closely to her own definition, and trying each case of feminine fame by a fixed code, Miss Seawell re-defines it in every paragraph, or adds to her first definition so many new elements as to change the whole face of the argument. The gist of her first definition is, that genius is creative, and has within it the germ of immortality. A little further on in the same paragraph, she claims for 'almost every man' genius. Is it because almost every man has created something which has in it the germ of immortality? Not at all. It is because, 'As all the arts and sciences, and the whole material civilization of the world are due to men, this creative power must have been very generally distributed among them.' Now, as a matter of history, the arts and sciences and the whole material civilization of the past have failed to stand this very test of time which, at the outset, Miss Seawell claimed to be the essential test of genius. Of the highest works of sculpture, that of the early Greeks, we have little but a written record. What remains to us is fragmentary; that it remains is an accident. The Aphrodite of Alcamenes, finished by the hand of Phidias, of whose beauties we have glowing traditions, perished during a period of ignorance and iconoclasm, while the Venus of Melos, an inferior production, was in 1820 freed from the slow accumulation of forgetful centuries by the spade of an ignorant peasant, who sold this 'immortal' work of genius for a song. What was lost by ignorance was restored by ignorance, but the 'immortality' of the Venus of Melos hung by a thread. Of these waves of darkness and ignorance, in which what was finest in the past has gone down, Miss Seawell takes no account. Why might not the verse of Sappho have perished, and remain only as a tradition in the writings of others, as the marble of the early Greeks perished, except as a tradition? If marble, why not parchment? Art, then, the highest and loftiest, possesses no talisman by which it must survive.

As for the sciences of the past, it has been recently shown that some of the greatest inventions of modern surgery, the most delicate instruments and difficult operations, had been for centuries lost to the world, buried in the ancient MSS. of Hindus and in the writings of Hippocrates. The rhinoplastic operation, the operation

for cataract and for stone, the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and even the patent bamboo splints, now in use in the British Army, were in use before the Christian era—were lost, and had to be re-invented in our own century. By the light of modern science we are able to decipher the forgotten science of the past. If these inventions, involving as they do human life itself, were lost, it is not surprising that so little is left of the material civilization of the past. 'Almost every man' will have to give up his claim to genius on the ground of the immortality of the arts, sciences and material civilization which he has helped to build, if immortality is to be the absolute criterion. The ingenious argument that George Eliot's claim to genius lacks the ratification of time presses with even greater severity upon the work of the builders to whom the essayist yields so readily the palm of genius.

The next attribute that Miss Seawell claims for true genius is universality. By this test, all works except fiction or poetry are ruthlessly weeded out, and the writings of 'the legislator of the skies,' 'the founder of modern astronomy,' Kepler, along with those of Herschel, Newton and the whole brotherhood of writers who do not appeal to the common herd, whose words have not passed into the common language of the people, fail to bear the mark of genius.

Again; true genius must create 'something from nothing.' Shakespeare himself must wince before this standard—that great master, in whose work old plays and imagination, current sayings and experience, are welded into such an inextricable whole, that no man has ever been able to say where the one began and the other ended. The mystery was never what Shakespeare made his plays from, but what he made them into.

To sum up, then, according to the criticism by which Miss Seawell has weighed her sex and found them wanting: genius must have in it a germ of immortality, must have creativeness, essentiality, universality, and be the creation of something from nothing. In her argument genius started out a very simple matter, and by a series of accretions accumulated these various attributes. One female author was bowled over with one definition and another with another. Genius meant different things at different times. Coleridge says that 'the juggle of sophistry consists, for the most part, in using a word in one sense in the premises and another in the conclusion.'

We claim that Miss Seawell has not made her case against genius in woman, and to show the inconsistency in her arguments is therefore to establish no counter claim. The question is still open. But if woman has not been able to stand the complicated, elaborate, mutually destructive criteria which Miss Seawell has invented, it is something, at least, to fail in company with Phidias and Hippocrates, Kepler and Shakespeare.

LOUISE HERRICK WALL.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

SIR:—To me, at least, Topsy has always been as real a person as Thersites, Falstaff or Sam Weller. There may not be much of her, but what there is is living. She is a genuine creation. And I suspect that more persons in the United States to-day 'know her' as a personal being than know, or know about, all the other three put together. 'Tis not time yet to predict when she will die.

IOWA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,
AMES, IOWA, Feb. 4, 1892.

A. C. BARROWS.

LADIES, HONOR TO YOUR KNIGHT.

T. W. H.

Ladies all of high degree,
Who weave charms of poesy,
Or romances fair indite,
Rise, and honor do your knight;
Who so gallantly in field
Bears your token on his shield,
Championing your royal worth
In the full lists of the earth,
Caitiffs and false knights undoing,
Overriding and pursuing,
Pricking in his doughty heat
Many a bubble of conceit,
With a point as keen as fate,
To your honor dedicate;
And amid the babbling court
Of the world makes brave report,
Open-browed and without shame,
Of the glory of your fame
In the inviolate demesne
Where heavenly Sappho reigns the queen.

Never champion sound and hale,
 Never errant pure and strong,
 Searching earth for Holy Grail,
 Searching earth, redressing wrong,—
 Galahad or Red-Cross Knight,—
 Entered lists in ladies' right,
 Bearing truer blade than he,
 Knight of modern chivalry!

Call for Sappho! garlands wind,
 Honor him in conclave full,
 Daughters of the courts of mind,—
 Kingdoms intellectual! O. C. AURINGER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Perhaps you have wondered how Molly Elliot Seawell's article has effected college girls, or 'the women of the coming century.' We are not asleep: *The Critic* has kept some of us wide awake, of late, as we are deeply interested in the Creative Faculty, be it found in men or in women. We recognize the superabundance of this power in men, and wish that it were more evenly distributed. The fact that one subscriber thought Miss Seawell needed information, and contributed her *Critic* as a means of providing it, was laudable—and amusing; but I fear not many of your subscribers will be so unselfish. The refutation in your issue of Dec. 26 eased a few minds, at least. The thing which condemns Miss Seawell's article is its use of the word 'never.' There is 'the germ of' truth in many of her statements, but while acknowledging the supremacy of man in the creative line, we are bound to accept some of the works of women as creations, or else say that nothing has ever been created by anybody. Miss Seawell's 'never' sweeps away names that have stood the test of time as well as of contemporary criticism. The fact that men do not dust, sweep and shake rugs is no proof that they cannot do it: it is only too true, indeed, that when they undertake this task, they are wonderfully successful; and that women have been confined to household duties is no proof that they cannot succeed in other vocations.

It is to be hoped that in future woman will make up in quality what perhaps is lacking in quantity, in her work. As a beginning, she must cease writing trash. I should like very much, by the way, to read an estimate of Emily Dickinson by M. E. S. I think it would attract considerable attention.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Jan. 19, 1892.

C. M. E.

Poetry and Her Sister Arts

IN THE RECITAL ROOM of Carnegie Music Hall a distinguished company of artists and amateurs of art dined on Monday night to celebrate the laying of the cornerstone of the Fine Arts Building, and listen to post-prandial speeches designed to stimulate popular interest in the erection of this new home of the Society of American Artists, the Architectural League and the Art Students' League. Mr. Henry G. Marquand, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, presided, his speech responding to the toast, 'The Occasion.' Among the other speakers were Mr. Howard Russell Butler, President of the Board of Trustees, 'The Fine Arts Society'; Mr. Joseph H. Choate, 'Artist and Layman'; President Low of Columbia, 'Art and Education'; Mr. Russell Sturgis, 'The Architects'; Mr. William A. Coffin, 'The Artists'; Mr. Richard W. Gilder, 'The Sister Art of Poetry'; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, 'The Music Hall and the Fine Arts Building'; Mr. Parke Godwin, and Sir Edwin Arnold. Mr. Carnegie added \$5000 to the building fund of the Society, which now amounts to about \$134,000, leaving some \$56,000 to be collected. The speech made by Mr. Gilder, as literature's representative, was as follows:—

I take it that one who has the distinguished honor to be singled out in this honorable company to speak for 'the sister art of poetry' is expected to magnify that art. He would therefore, perhaps, be justified in quoting from Landor this exquisite and pregnant sentence: 'Sculpture and painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself, and everything around it and above it'; he might even be pardoned for reciting what Shelley calls 'the bold and true word of Tasso': 'None merits the name of creator save God and the poet.'

Or if he keep from any pressing claim of preëminence as to the particular art for which he pleads, the orator for poetry may still, with all modesty and by common consent, maintain that the highest praise to be awarded the achievement of any other art is to say that it has something of the thrill and heart-stir of the art of verse.

To say that a picture, or a statue, or a work of architecture is *poetic*, is to say that it is lifted above the grade of artisanship; that it has imagination, that it has beauty.

Thus, starting from the term poetry, and applying it first in its special and lyrical sense, then in its general sense as descriptive of the best in the arts, we come to that greatest of all words in the nomenclature of æsthetics, a word which has origin in no single art, but has application, with full and equal meaning, to every art under the sun—we come, I say, to that name which no cant or familiarity can degrade, which age cannot wither nor custom stale—to the sacred and saving name of Beauty.

If all the arts are not to be housed equally in your House Beautiful, the one element which is common to all is here to have its home—the one Divinity all worship is to have here its shrine. Your building has no right to exist unless it be the Temple of Beauty. To Beauty, and that alone, be it consecrated forever.

If in our modern art, tired with empty convention and the superficial imitation of ancient forms of loveliness, we have in search of truth sometimes seemed to abandon the beautiful, do we not now feel a new and healthier tendency? The reaction has begun; let it continue from this hour with renewed and ever-augmenting force! Surely science has done its worst—and its best—for art. Never again will the world be content with the uninspired echoes of the splendid past: but in every art a halt is cried in the march toward the hideous and the base. We have learned to prize the old forms at their true worth; we have learned that there is a rational choice between these forms; we have learned to preserve the best of them, and to pour into those that survive the full electric flood of modern life and thought.

We have learned, I say, that there is a rational choice among the ancient forms—that there is such a thing as world-experience in the practice of the arts. Is there a man here who does not deem it fortunate that the architecture of the Capitol of the Republic was the drift from a classical wave, rather than the detritus of the Mansard inundation? Who is there who does not see good architectural fortune in the New York City Hall—any attempt at whose destruction or obliteration by our Lords of Misrule would, I do believe, raise an æsthetic riot which would astonish and perhaps deter our whole band of imported statesmen? Is not our own generation fortunate in the fact that the architecture of the World's Fair at Chicago will take color, through the Renaissance, from the source and home of the world's truest, highest and most lasting art? Is not this the reason that we look with a feeling of safety and satisfaction and growing delight upon the building up, on the shore of our inland sea, of one of the noblest architectural displays that the world has ever witnessed?

In dedicating your Temple to Beauty alone, you will dedicate it to joy, for that is one of the elements of beauty; to perpetual youth, for beauty is always young; to charity, for true charity resides ever in beauty; to truth, for, as every poet has sung, beauty *is* truth. You will dedicate it to beauty of life; to beauty of thought; to beauty of soul. Yes, my fellow-artists, there is no such thing as superficial beauty: the spirit of beauty is strenuous; it does not deal with prettinesses and pettinesses; it is severe; it is sometimes touched with harshness, and always at its highest with solemnity.

Daring, with many misgivings, to speak for the Art of Poetry, I greet you of the sister arts, and congratulate you to-night on the auspicious beginning of your Temple of the Beautiful. In this new world and crude, more than elsewhere, should the arts recognize their sisterhood—stand together, march onward together in mutual encouragement and affection. No art can truly express the sentiment of any other; yet each is incomplete unless it takes from the others something of their rhythm, music, color or rondure. I hold it not to be a boast when I say that there is something inherent in literature, something of expressiveness, something human and intimate, that is especially valuable and necessary to the votaries of the other arts. The greatest art draws its inspiration from the highest literature. The great poets owe much to the great painters and sculptors; but what would the great painters and sculptors have been without the great poets—without those who have put great imaginings into speech and song? If music and poetry are not to have equal rights here with architecture, sculpture and painting, it is only because music has its own temples already. (Magnificently, indeed, is music housed under this very roof, which now gives us its gracious hospitality.) And as for poetry, it is an art so subtle, so pervasive, so infinite, that no fit temple was ever builded for it save that whose floor is the green earth, whose pillars are the night and morning, whose windows look out upon eternity, whose vault is lighted by the lamps of heaven.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS was 'breakfasted' at the Hotel de Legerot on Tuesday morning. Her hostess was Mrs. F. Edwin Elwell, whom she is visiting.

The Fine Arts

Two Paintings by Puvis de Chavannes

TWO CONSIDERABLE examples of the work of M. Puvis de Chavannes, the decorator of the Pantheon and the new Sorbonne, are to be seen at the Durand-Ruel gallery. The larger painting, *L'Été*, is to be exhibited at the St. Botolph Club, Boston, and in Chicago, before going to its owner, Mr. J. H. Wade of Cleveland. It is a park-like landscape under a pale blue summer sky, with figures of women bathing in a river or lake in the foreground. Seen from some distance, as it needs to be seen, the flat, pale tints melt into a peculiar and very agreeable harmony, the simply (and not always correctly) drawn figures become rounded and take their proper place in the landscape, and the whole has an effect of diffused bright light and clear but warm atmosphere. A smaller but still more attractive work is *The Shepherd*, a bare rocky valley with a bit of deep blue sea breaking in, in one corner, with a group of women in the foreground, coming up from a well, and in the distance a shepherd-boy with his Pan's-pipes. The paintings have nothing of what we usually call 'literary' quality in them; if we had to describe their character in a word, we should call it idyllic, using the term in its original signification. Important examples of Monet, one of haystacks in winter, with pink morning light on the snow and purple mists rising in the distance, and a sunset in the region of Lacreuse, over rocky and heather-clad hills and a turbulent little river, are also to be seen. The last-mentioned reminds one of effects of gorgeous but sombre coloring that Scottish and English painters have often attempted but seldom succeeded in reproducing.

Art Notes

OF A LARGE number of water-colors and some oil-paintings belonging to L. Prang & Co. of Boston, exhibited at the American Art Galleries, the water-colors are by far the best, and include some desirable examples of well-known artists. Among the most interesting may be mentioned Mr. Thomas Moran's views in the Yellowstone region, some excellent paintings of flowers by Miss Julia Dillon, of birds by Fidelia Bridges and H. Giacomelli, and good though small examples of Winslow Homer and Elihu Vedder. The most attractive of the oil-paintings is Mr. F. S. Church's *The White Fawn*. A number of reputed 'old masters,' certified to by a reputed 'expert,' fill the lower gallery. Some landscapes with grey skies and brown foregrounds, some still-lives and flower-pieces and a few interiors may be taken as examples (in default of better) of the schools to which they are attributed, but hardly of the artists.

—The series of exhibitions of works by American painters at the Avery gallery was continued this week by one of some two dozen landscapes by Mr. Leonard Ochtman. Mr. Ochtman is fond of moonlight and twilight scenes and succeeds very well in them, but is also successful in painting the quieter sort of New England landscape under midday or evening skies. His *'Golden Fields'* and *'Connecticut Hills'* are very clever renderings of autumnal color. A *'Moonlit Lane'* and *'Moonlit Night in Spring'*, with a row of apple-trees in blossom, show an appreciation of delicate tones of grey; a *'Lake Village'*, whose big, white factories gleam across a breadth of still blue water, shows that he is not indifferent to the beauty of common things seen in broad daylight.

—A number of paintings by Mr. George H. Smillie and Mr. J. Wells Champney were sold at the Ortgies' gallery, Feb. 9, 10. Mr. Smillie's were principally landscapes. The titles of *'A Gray Day—Gloucester'*, *'Gray Afternoon, Magnolia, Mass.'*, *'Eastern Point, Cape Ann.'* and *'Titicus Meadows, Conn.'* give a fair idea of his favorite subjects and conscientious treatment. We have no doubt that every view might be verified by anyone who would take the trouble. Mr. Champney's work was more varied, and included figures, interiors and landscapes—the last, the best. There were about 130 paintings in all, and they fetched \$4834 (?).

—Two fine Egyptian shafts, from the site of the Hanes of the Bible, have come into the possession of the Egypt Exploration Fund, one of them going to the British Museum, the other to the Museum of Art in Boston. It took six strong horses to pull the column from the dock to the Museum. The capital is described as a perfect specimen of the palm-tree pattern. The inscriptions to Horus (particularly the representation of Rameses II. making an offering to that god) and the cartouches are all well preserved.

—The annual report of the President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art shows a deficit of \$7375, which is attributed to the additional expense involved in Sunday openings—a new departure that has met with the greatest popular success, but has put a severe strain on the resources of the Museum, and involved, in the case of Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, the loss of an expected legacy of \$50,000.

—'There is on the Howard monument, in the Church of St. Matthew, in this village,' writes the Rev. W. A. Brewer of St. Matthew's School, San Mateo, Cal., 'a figure of the Angel of the Resurrection, carved by Randolph Rogers. The carving bears no date; and it would be interesting to know whether it is a copy of the one at Hartford. The figure is a fine one, and the church is much frequented by travellers.'

—Prof. Herkomer's forthcoming volume on etching and mezzotint engraving is a reprint of his Oxford lectures, with illustrations that students of etching and the art public will alike be curious to see; 'a treatise on a subject which is no less attractive because it has given rise to much controversy, especially with reference to Prof. Herkomer's own method.'

—In the series of Columbia College free lectures, in co-operation with Cooper Union, Mr. Russell Sturgis, the architect, will lecture at the Union on Tuesday, Feb. 16 and 23, his subjects being, 'The Byzantine Styles of the East' and 'The Architecture of Imperial Rome and of the Renaissance.'

—A collection of paintings by Mr. Du Bois F. Hasbrouck was sold at the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms on Jan. 4-5 for \$5220.

"The Broken Seal"

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S five-act play *'The Broken Seal'*, which now occupies the stage of Palmer's Theatre, is a strong and interesting piece, with conspicuous literary and dramatic merits, which would be almost certain to achieve a great popular success, were it not for a most unfortunate ending and the lack of comic relief from the strain of prolonged and distressful emotion. The plot, which possesses the rare distinction of being superior to the French original which suggested it, is exceedingly elaborate, but is unfolded with considerable skill, the construction of the dramatic framework being notably compact and neat, while the successive incidents follow each other naturally and leave the final issue in suspense almost to the last moment. In the motive, and his treatment of it, Mr. Grundy shows both originality and imagination. The story is that of a devoted son, who shatters the reputation of an honored father in his filial efforts to preserve it, and thus unwittingly becomes the avenger of injured innocence to the present ruin of his own happiness. Judge D'Arcay, who, although he is supposed to have died many years before the play begins, is a more picturesque and vital character than any of the living personages who figure in it, was admired by all men as a type of genius allied to virtue. In reality he was an inspired villain, the blackest of hypocrites and the most remorseless of debauchees, who first seduced the wife of his dearest friend, the Count de Fremeillan, then assassinated the husband, and finally, in his judicial capacity, contrived the conviction of an innocent man of the murder which he himself had committed, and sentenced him to prison for life. In the act of pronouncing judgment he was stricken with death, and was revered thereafter, as a martyr to duty, by all except the village priest, who learned the awful truth from his dying lips under the seal of the confessional.

When the curtain rises on the first act, the judge's son, now an advocate of some distinction, has just won the consent of the Countess of Fremeillan to his marriage with her daughter Marguerite. He is living with his mother and her adopted daughter, Jeanne Torquénie, the child of the luckless man unjustly condemned for the murder of the Count. Suddenly Torquénie himself appears upon the scene. He has escaped from prison, and appeals to young D'Arcay, to whom he has been directed by accident, to aid him in his search for his child. Mutual explanations occur, and after several stirring scenes, all excellently devised and written, D'Arcay is led to believe his visitor's professions of innocence, and, still unsuspecting of the real truth, undertakes his cause. What follows may be briefly told here although it requires four acts upon the stage. Little by little, aided by a newly discovered cypher in a borrowed book, he unravels the dark mystery and, at last, through the intervention of the priest, who breaks his vows rather than let innocence suffer longer, learns that his father was a perjured judge, a seducer and an assassin. The convict Torquénie, in gratitude for the kindness exhibited to Jeanne, refuses to profit by these revelations, returning to gaol rather than disabuse Madam D'Arcay of her confidence in her dead husband. For the rest Jeanne loses the father she has just recovered, young D'Arcay loses his betrothed, the Countess loses her reputation and the Abbé is compelled to leave the church which he adores.

The Abbé, who is a most prominent figure, is a familiar character, but is drawn most delightfully, with a fine sense of a noble nature, chastened by sorrow, elevated by piety, and filled with sweet benevolence and simple, kindly humor. A more sympathetic conception has not been put upon the stage for a long time, and it

is interpreted with exquisite skill by Frederic Robinson, a most accomplished and trustworthy actor, who has been compelled to wait a long time for the opportunity which he has so promptly seized. The tact and delicacy with which he plays one or two risky religious scenes are artistic, in the best sense. As to the breaking of the Abbé's vows, that is a question which need not be discussed here. Different minds will view it in different lights. To the dictum that the 'confessional is inviolable' may be opposed the other, that 'exceptions prove rules.' Most Protestants will hold that the Abbé acts rightly, while no Roman Catholic can accuse him of irreverence. In any event, a theatrical supposition creates no precedent. The general performance is one of uncommon smoothness and effectiveness. Mr. Bell cannot portray the emotion with which the part of D'Arcay ought to thrill, but acts intelligently and agreeably, while work of a high order is done by J. H. Stoddart, Agnes Booth, Mrs. D. P. Bowers (a most welcome addition to Mr. Palmer's forces), Mrs. Phillips and Maud Harrison.

Notes

THE next two volumes in the series of Twelve English Statesmen will be 'Chatham,' by John Morley, and 'Queen Elizabeth,' by Prof. Beesley.

—Mrs. Elizabeth S. Melville, widow of Herman Melville, has placed the publication of her husband's writings with the United States Book Co., which will issue an edition from new plates, edited by Mr. Arthur Stedman. 'Typee: A Real Romance of the South Seas,' will appear shortly, with a biographical and critical introduction by the editor; and 'Omoo' (its sequel), 'Moby Dick; or, The White Whale,' 'White Jacket,' etc., will follow at intervals of a month. The same house publishes Mr. Barrie's 'Little Minister' and a new edition of Hall Caine's 'Scapegoat.'

—Mrs. M. French Sheldon, the African traveller, will shortly revisit America, it is said, for the purpose of arranging for the American edition of her book describing her African experiences, which is rapidly nearing completion.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, says *The Bookman*, have been spending their honeymoon quietly in London. 'They intend to proceed by-and-by to America, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Balestier. Thereafter they go on a journey round the world, paying in the course of it a visit to Mr. Stevenson at Samoa.' Mr. Kipling heard of Mr. Balestier's death at Lahore, where he was spending Christmas with his friends, and, as narrated in our London Letter this week, immediately proceeded to London. He has written a new story called 'The Lost Legion.'

—Mr. William Sharp and Miss Blanche Willis Howard have collaborated on a new work of fiction.

—The February *Nineteenth Century* contains a poem on the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale by Lord Tennyson. It is short, but *The Publishers' Circular* doubts whether the Poet Laureate has ever done anything finer within the same compass.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day 'Mark Hopkins,' by President Franklin Carter of Williams College (Vol. VI. of American Religious Leaders); 'Miss Wilton,' by Cornelia Warren; 'Poems,' by Maurice Thompson; 'William Gilmore Simms,' by Prof. William P. Trent; (Vol. XII. of American Men-of-Letters); and 'The Spirit of Modern Philosophy,' by Dr. Josiah Royce.

—'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is coming from the Riverside Press in a Universal Edition numbering 160,000 copies—60,000 more than was originally intended. Simultaneously with this output will come an issue of the same book in the Riverside Paper Series, and a reprint of the Popular Edition, with illustrations. Four other editions than these are issued by the same house. The farther we get from slavery days, the greater becomes the popularity of Uncle Tom; just as the pension fund grows bigger and bigger as the war recedes farther and farther into the past.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., who have been so long at the corner of Broadway and Clinton Place, are about to remove their publishing and book-selling business to 5 East 19th Street, where they have leased a new building.

—Henry Holt & Co. will add immediately to Sneath's Series of Modern Philosophers volumes extracted from Reid by Dr. Sneath of Yale, from Spinoza by Prof. Fullerton of the University of Pennsylvania, from Descartes by Prof. Torrey of the University of Vermont, and from Kant by Prof. Watson of Queen's College, Canada. Volumes from Berkeley, Hume and Hegel will probably follow.

—Books announced by Fords, Howard & Hulbert are 'Preacher and Teacher: A Sketch of the Life of Thomas Rambaut,' by Norman Fox, D.D.; 'Early Grants and Incorporation of the Town of Ware, Mass.,' by Edward H. Gilbert; and revised editions of 'A

Concise History of the American People,' by Prof. Jacob Hanis Patton, and Stoddard's 'Abraham Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life.'

—It is understood that Mr. Hugh Thomson, the illustrator of 'Cranford' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' is making a series of pictures of social London for early numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*.

—Paderewski will be the subject of two papers in the *March Century* and of a poem by the editor. There will be a frontispiece portrait engraved by Johnson, and a sketch, by Irving Wiles, of the virtuoso at the piano. One of the papers is a critical study of his method by the well-known musician, Mr. William Mason, and the other a biographical sketch by Miss Fanny Morris Smith, for which M. Paderewski has furnished the material. The article has also had the advantage of Mme. Modjeska's suggestions, the distinguished Polish actress having been a friend of Paderewski from his boyhood.

—*The Pall Mall Budget* is printing the first of a series of illustrated literary supplements on writers and books of the day. The subject of the issue of Jan. 28 is 'Mrs. Humphry Ward: Her Life, Work, and Writings.'

—In the *March Forum* will appear an article on 'Authors' Complaints and Publishers' Profits,' by Charles Burr Todd, in reply to Mr. George Haven Putnam's article in the September number; and in the same connection a paper on the English Society of Authors, by Walter Besant. Both papers will advocate the forming of an American Society of Authors. The English Society, whose Secretary, Mr. S. Squire Sprigge, has just resigned, numbers about 750 members.

—*The Publishers' Weekly* recorded 4665 publications during the year 1891, as against 4559 in 1890. The largest gain was in fine-art and illustrated books (228 as against 135), the heaviest loss in law-books (348 against 458), while the slightest variation was in sports and amusements (79 vs. 82). In fiction the loss was thirteen volumes (1105-1118).

—Much enjoyment is derived from the readings from their own writings by Messrs. Hopkinson Smith and Nelson Page at Daly's Theatre. The last three will be given to-day and on Tuesday and Thursday next.

—Sir Edwin Arnold will give a farewell reading at Daly's Theatre on Monday morning, Feb. 15.

—Mr. Harold Godwin, son of Mr. Parke Godwin and formerly the editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, has become managing editor of *Current Literature*, and will assist also in the editorial direction of *Short Stories*.

—Mr. Gladstone is said to receive \$500 for each of his articles in *The North American Review*. For the series on 'The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture' he was paid \$500 each by the editor of *Good Words*, and the same amount for simultaneous publications in America in *The Sunday-School Times*.

—'Now when will the novel commenced by Guy de Maupassant see the light?' asks M. Jules Claretie in *The Athenaeum*. 'And will it ever see it? The subject was an episode in the war of 1870, entitled "L'Angelus." While M. Zola was writing "La Débâcle," in which he intends to introduce the terrible day of Sedan, M. de Maupassant was studying the invasion, seen, no doubt, from some corner of that Normandy which he knows so well. We shall not have "L'Angelus" for a long time, and it seems to me that M. Zola finds more difficulties than he had anticipated in the writing of "La Débâcle."'

—'Prince Charming' is the title of Mr. Edgar Saltus's forthcoming novel, the sub-title being 'A Fifth Avenue Society Story.' What is 'Fifth Avenue society,' now that that thoroughfare is so largely given over to shops?

—Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson have completed a small volume on 'Imperial Defence,' to be published immediately by Macmillan & Co. The same firm will shortly issue a small volume dealing with the several problems involved in what is commonly known as Imperial Federation. The author is Mr. G. R. Parkin.

—Judge Tuley of the Circuit Court handed down an opinion in Chicago, last Saturday, sustaining the will of John Crerar, which made individual, religious and charitable bequests to the amount of \$800,000, and gave the residue of the estate, amounting to over \$3,000,000, into the hands of trustees, to found the Crerar Library. The Court commented on the difficulty, under the New York law, of sustaining wills making bequests to charity, and of the practice in Illinois of construing the law liberally in favor of the wishes of charitable testators, as accounting for the different conclusions reached in the Tilden and the Crerar cases.

—The Rev. E. J. Hardy, the author of 'How to be Happy Though Married,' is stationed at Plymouth, England, as an army Chaplain. In the same capacity he has served in Bermuda, Halifax and Malta. His wife is a first cousin of Oscar Wilde. Some nineteen publishers are accused of having declined his exceedingly popular book.

—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, has married a daughter of the late Richard Cobden, the economist.

—Mr. Franklin H. Sargent has taken a lease of the Berkeley Lyceum, in West 44th Street, for the use of his American Academy of the Dramatic Arts and of the recently-formed independent theatre. It begins on Oct. 1, and is for five years with privilege of renewal. An Advisory Committee of Literature and Art has been organized, including fifty well-known men-of-letters, artists, etc. The plays for the first performance, to be given at some other theatre, are nearly completed. When the Berkeley is in use, performances will be given once or twice a month. Mr. Sargent's plans have received the indorsement of the leading managers.

—Mr. Edward H. House is in litigation again over the dramatization of Mark Twain's 'The Prince and the Pauper'—this time with his own lawyers in the previous suit.

—The editor of the London journal that is printing Mr. Howells's 'The Quality of Mercy,' as 'John Northwick, Defaulter,' explains that the change was made because it was discovered that a contemporary was printing a story under the former title. The name originally chosen by Mr. Howells was 'The Mercy of God.'

—The *Débats* says that M. Jouaust, the Elzevir of our day, has determined to retire from business and enjoy a well-earned leisure.

—On Feb. 8 Miss Hapgood's Tolstoi Fund amounted to \$1,728.81. Publication is made of a cablegram received in answer to a letter from Miss Hapgood requesting information regarding the report widely circulated in American papers, to the effect that the Count had been stopped in his charitable activity by the Government, and was living under strict police surveillance in Moscow. The cablegram reads:—'Moscow, Feb. 8. False. Tolstoi.'

—The Astor Library added 3845 volumes to its store last year (as against 3117 in 1890), making a total of 238,946. The number of visits to the alcoves was 9205 as against 9745 in 1890, and the total number of visits to the Library 62,182, as against 62,778.

—G. M. J., of Salem, Mass., has been 'much amused' by our 'locating the scene of "Beggars All" in London,' instead of in a small town in the west of England. The reviewer attributes the slip to 'pure carelessness,' but says that the development of the story was quite independent of the local habitation of the characters. The same correspondent says of Mrs. Oliphant's 'Jerusalem':—'The cuts of "A Street in Jerusalem" (p. 225) and "The Via Dolorosa" (p. 561) are identical. At page 202 will be found another cut of "A Street in Jerusalem," on a reduced scale, but otherwise differing only in showing a little more of the wall at the left, and omitting the seated figure at the right.'

—A charge of immorality brought against a school edition of Hugo's 'Hernani' is said to have resulted in the withdrawal of the book from the High School at Oakland, Cal., and the suspension of one of the teachers.

—M. Henri Baudrillart, the noted economist, whose death has just been announced, was a journalist, a professor, a voluminous author and a member of the Institute. In 1872, in an official capacity, he made a valuable report on the damage done to the libraries of Paris by the Germans and the Communists. He was seventy years old on Nov. 28.

—Prof. Lewis French Stearns of the Bangor (Me.) Theological Seminary died on Tuesday night. He was born at Newburyport, Mass., on March 10, 1847; studied for the ministry at Princeton and in the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig, and was graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1872. He published a volume of Ely Lectures delivered at the Union Theological Seminary, under the title of 'The Evidence of Christian Experience,' and wrote a Life of Prof. Henry B. Smith, which is now in press.

—Prof. William Guy Peck of Columbia had been connected with the College since June 29, 1857, his position at the time of his death (which occurred last Sunday, at his home at Greenwich, Conn.) being that of Professor of the Higher Mathematics and Astronomy. He was born on Oct. 16, 1820, was graduated from the Military Academy in 1844, and served in the Army of the West during the Mexican War. He was the author of 'Peck's Algebra' and 'Peck's Astronomy,' and of twenty-one other text-books on mathematics and physics. One of his first works was 'Elements of Mechanics' (1859). This was followed by an edition of 'Ganot's Natural Philosophy' (1860). Prof. Peck made a host of friends during his thirty-five years' service in this city.

—Mrs. Christine Chaplin Brush, wife of the Rev. Alfred H. Brush and author of 'The Colonel's Opera Cloak' and 'Inside Our Gate,' died on Feb. 3 in Brooklyn. She was about forty years old and was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin of Boston. Her first book made a hit in the No Name Series, in 1879; 'Inside Our Gate' chronicled the quiet life of New Utrecht, L. I.

—The late Sir Morell Mackenzie was known to the general reader by his many magazine articles and his 'Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble,' which was so severely criticised by some of his colleagues that he resigned from the College of Physicians. He was, however, the author of a large number of publications on laryngological subjects, his 'Diseases of the Throat and Nose' being a standard work.

—Capt. Henry G. Sharpe, U. S. A., writes to us as follows:—'Your reviewer's reply (*Critic*, Jan. 23) to my inquiry regarding the merits of the translation of Moltke's "Franco-German War" does not seem to me to be decisive. Lord Wolseley states positively (*United Service Magazine*, London, for Nov.-Dec.) that he has compared the translation with the original; your reviewer does not say whether he has or not, but quotes from another reviewer who distinctly states "we have not the original work by us to refer to." Conceding the ability of the last two reviewers as military critics, and granting that both are experienced translators from the German, I fail to see that such facts enable them to say "the translators seem to have done their work fairly well" and "merit praise for the excellence of their work," if they have not compared the translation with the original. * * * I think the question should be decided by some competent person who has compared the translation with the original.'

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS

1646.—For an account of the Rev. John Hamilton Thom, see 'Allibone's Dictionary of Authors,' Vol. III., and Kirk's Supplement to the same, Vol. II., p. 1428.

1647.—An illustrated sketch of Georg Ebers will be found in *Ueber Land und Meer*, for March 1887.

W. M. G.

1647.—There are good notices of Georg Ebers in Routledge's 'Men of the Times' and in 'Chambers's Cyclopædia.'

E. E. H.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Addresses and Proceedings of National Educational Association at Toronto, Can. Burnham, C. L. Miss Bagg's Secretary. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cambridge, A. Not All in Vain. D. Appleton & Co. Cobb, S., Jr. Bion the Wanderer. 60c. Cassell Pub. Co. Collins, C. All Poetry. 70c. Cinn., O.: Traddles Co. Colman, R., Jr. The Chinese: Their Present and Future. \$1.75. Phila.: F. A. Davis Co. Credo and Credulity. 4 vols. Chas. T. Dillingham. Easter Series. 4 vols. Chicago: Eleva Pub. Co. Edelweiss. Spiritism. 25c. U. S. Book Co. Ellis, J. J. Charles H. Spurgeon. \$1. F. H. Revell Co. Fox, N. Thomas Rambaut, Preacher and Teacher. Forda, Howard & Hulbert. Gilbert, E. H. Early Grants and Incorporation of the Town of Ware. \$2. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Gissing, G. Danzil Quarrier. \$1. Macmillan & Co. Goss, J. Forensic Eloquence. San Francisco: S. Carson Co. Harte, B. A First Family of Tasajara. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Hopkin, J. M. The Early Renaissance. \$2. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Hovey, A. Studies in Ethics and Religion. Silver, Burdett & Co. Hutchinson, W. F. Under the Southern Cross. Providence, R. I.: Ryder & Dearth Co. James, W. Psychology. \$1.60. Henry Holt & Co. Libby, L. J. We Parted at the Altar. 50c. Robert Bonner's Sons. Moffatt's Geography of Europe. Ed. by T. Page. London: Moffatt & Page. Morris, M. Montrose. 60c. Macmillan & Co. Morton, S. S. A Little Comedy of Errors. St. Paul, Minn.: Price-McGill Co. Open Court. Vol. V. A Little Comedy of Errors. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. Philosophy of Locke. Ed. by J. E. Russell. \$1. Henry Holt & Co. Printing Types. De Vinne Press. Rand, McNally & Co.'s Pocket Map of Georgia. 50c. Chicago. Robinson, R. E. Vermont: A Study of Independence. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Rouse, L. L. Ebb and Flow. 90c. Hunt & Eaton. Ruskin, J. The Eagle's Nest. \$1.50. Chas. E. Merrill & Co. Russell, C. T. The Plan of the Ages. 50c. Saalfeld & Fitch. Sermon Bible. Vol. 8. John IV.—Acts VI. \$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son. Smith, S. Back from the Dead. 50c. Cassell Pub. Co. Sullivan, F. and I. E. What It Cost. Chicago: Laird & Lee. Tredwell, D. M. Privately Illustrated Books. Privately printed. Whitman, W. Leaves of Grass. Phila.: David McKay. Wolf, A. R. Ventilation of Buildings. 50c. Pub. by the Author.

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Insurance in force (16,198 Policies).....	32,161,776.00

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